

# The Nation

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## Events of the Week.

LORD BALFOUR'S Note on war debts, skilful and dignified in form, and reasonable in substance, has had some immediately disastrous effects. Nominally it falls in with the recent decision of the Federation of British Industries to oppose the remission of Allied debts. The reaction against too much generosity is intelligible in the present state of our trade and our budgets, but the debts are in our opinion irrecoverable, and to talk of recovering them will only aggravate the ruin of the Continent. It is true that Lord Balfour conveyed in this Note the handsome offer to scrap all our war debts, including our share of the indemnity, if Allied debts are generally cancelled. That is a very substantial advance; but it is in danger of being forgotten. The same fate may befall the further offer that, if America insists on our paying up, we shall still collect from our own debts only an amount equal to America's claim on us. Nor will many people outside these islands reflect on the unfairness of making us alone pay for the money we borrowed, not for ourselves, but merely as security for our Allies. The fact which immediately governs policy and dominates exchanges, is the intimation that we really do propose to collect from the Continent 854 of the millions which it owes us.

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THE effect is visible already. Political America is angry, and financial America, which understands the position far better, lacks the courage to speak out. We are America's only solvent creditor, and therefore we must pay. What looks like an indirect attempt to shame America into generosity annoys her. As for France, her Press makes the answer—if we are going to be hard on her, then she will have to "take it out of" Germany. America duns us. We dun France. France falls upon Germany. We do not know that M. Poincaré had any inkling in advance of what the Note would contain, but it is possible, and even probable, that he had. If so, it is easy to understand the angry ruthlessness of his last two Notes to Germany. She asked leave to postpone the payment due on August 5th of a

sum of £2,000,000 due from her in settlement of private debts. The other Powers, including Belgium, were willing to grant delay, but M. Poincaré insists on payment "by noon of August 5th," and has now twice threatened coercion, which would, of course, be isolated action. Rumor ascribes to M. Poincaré the invention of a new and specially odious plan. Eighty thousand Germans resident in Alsace are to be expelled, and their property confiscated, and the same thing will be done to a thousand of the richest families in the Rhineland. Another revision of the French plan is a proposal to take 89 per cent. of a reduced total of £2,500,000,000, Britain getting nothing.

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THESE events produced their natural effect. The first Note sent the mark down from about 2,300 to 3,000, and with the second it crashed on Wednesday to 3,450; Thursday saw a fall to 4,000. The franc fell with it, and so did sterling. These are the first fruits of Lord Balfour's declaration. For we lose, when we begin to press the French to pay, such power as we had to restrain them. For our part we would not have consented to remit even one franc of the French debt, save on condition that France writes down the German indemnity, grants a moratorium, and evacuates the Rhineland. But on those terms we would have cancelled her debt, irrespective altogether of what America may do. The fault of the Note was its failure to make or even to indicate any conditions of this kind. For unconditional generosity to France there is no case at all. She is arming—it can only be against us—under the water and in the air. She is, under her present rulers, the scourge and peril of the Continent. Yet to a France which would change her policy we would grant everything. We think that this policy underlies the Balfour Note. But surely it would have been the truest wisdom to write it in characters that every man could read.

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THE outbreak of unusual rashness on the part of the Greeks may be due to the fact that King Constantine's Government is said to be on very uneasy terms with public opinion at home. Circumstantial rumors said that the increase of the Greek army of occupation in Thrace was the prelude to a projected dash on Constantinople. The Powers warned Athens that any adventure of this kind would be resisted. The Greek Government replied by disclaiming any intention of violating the neutrality of Constantinople without permission, but it argued that such a stroke was necessary in order to end the war. Hardly less serious is the news that the Greeks have proclaimed the whole Smyrna region which they occupy an "independent State." So far from preparing to evacuate it as the Powers require, they are increasing their forces, and the "Temps" calls on us to use our fleet to check them. Nominally, the Allies seem to be agreed, but we doubt if the agreement goes further than the prevention of a *coup* at Constantinople. Greece may yield there, only in order to tighten her

hold upon the Asiatic mainland. It is an awkward prelude to the coming discussions with the Allies, especially in view of the fact that Italy as well as France dissents sharply from the policy of Downing Street. For our part we should prefer a Greek tenure of Constantinople (on terms) to a Greek conquest of Asia Minor.

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ITALY has at last got a Government—more or less the same which she upset two weeks ago. After the failure of every suggested combination, including teams led by Signors Orlando and Bonomi, Signor Facta tried again and succeeded. Under the manœuvres of the party groups there rages the most naked form of class war which Western Europe has yet seen. The Communists gave the first provocation by their seizure of factories as the last stage in a long strike, but in the main the power of the Left rested on the votes which gave them the control of most of the municipalities in the North, and upon the strong co-operative organizations, industrial, agricultural, and distributive. The reply of the extreme Right was organized violence. The Fascisti continue the turbulent post-war tradition of Italian Nationalism, and their 700,000 young bloods form an armed military organization. Their favorite exercise is to occupy a town if the Mayor dares to wear a red tie. They burn down Labor clubs and co-operative stores, and they are handy with rifle, bomb, and revolver. Usually the police tolerate them or side with them, and the Communists in most places are intimidated, while the whole Left suffers without distinction. The first Facta Cabinet fell because its weakness in dealing with the Fascisti outraged all the parties of the Left, including the Catholic Populists.

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THE crisis has, however, revealed the weakness and divisions of the Left. The Socialists, when they saw that no anti-Fascist Cabinet could be formed without their participation, at last decided that they would waive their principles, and after a short internal contest declared their readiness to enter a "bourgeois" Government. No one accepted the offer, and then, with a sudden return to more natural tactics, they declared a general strike of the most drastic kind throughout Italy. There was great alarm for a few hours, since the Fascist reply would have been "a general mobilization," which might have meant a *coup d'état*. But the Socialist strike was an unexampled failure. The order was almost everywhere ignored, either because of dissensions in the evenly balanced party, bewildered by the adoption of opposite tactics within a single week, or else because the rank and file dread the Fascist bombs. The result was that the opportunists plucked up courage, and a Ministry has been formed under Signor Facta which will not offend the Fascists. They are now the real rulers of Italy, and one gathers that the middle class is on the whole behind them, in spite of their murderous tactics.

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THE Prime Minister, addressing the Free Churchmen at the Hotel Victoria, has promised to consecrate what is left of his energies (after their being "caught in the cog-wheels" of the Great War) to making future wars impossible. And he summons Youth to assist his purpose, which, says Mr. George, stopping to strip Mr. Wilson of his one remaining laurel wreath, he would have compassed at Versailles by inserting the Covenant of the League of Nations in the Treaty of Versailles. We hope that the Young Nonconformists—the older we suspect are past praying for—will hold Mr. George to his

word. There is, in fact, a great pacifist movement among the Youth of Europe, and the traveller has frequent opportunities to mark its existence in the pleasant shape of parties of girls and boys bearing banners with the legend, "War on War." Pacifism is still (if the French occupation does not kill it, and revive the spirit of Nationalism) the ideal of the German Wandervögel; it is passionately pursued in Holland and the Scandinavian countries; and English leadership would be almost uproariously welcomed. Then why do not these belated Churches of ours stir their stiffening joints and make a push to save their perishing souls?

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By a majority of 278 to 115 the House of Commons on Monday night refused to exempt fabric gloves from the order imposing 33½ per cent. duty on certain imports under Part II. of the Safeguarding of Industries Act. The debate, during the course of which this and other divisions were taken, was prolonged until nearly three o'clock on Tuesday morning, a fact upon which Free Traders have probably even more reason to congratulate themselves than they have to deplore the adverse vote. "Friends of mine who have known Lancashire for half a century," said Sir Henry Norman, "tell me that they have never known Lancashire feeling to be so profoundly aroused" as over this threatened impost. Other testimony to the same effect was not wanting, and one thing came out clearly in the debate: the case presented by the leaders both of employers and employed in all the branches of the cotton trade has behind it the approval of all Lancashire. Indeed, this was fully recognized. No one ventured to deny Lancashire's fears; the only line of defence possible to the Government was to maintain that Lancashire's fears were illusory. If words mean anything, Lancashire is lost to the Coalition. This is the important political aspect of the matter.

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FROM a wider point of view, perhaps even more is to be learnt from the speeches in defence of the impost than from those against it. Mr. Baldwin adopted the line which he is said to have taken in Cabinet discussions of the subject. Last year, he contended, the Safeguarding of Industries Act became law, and, that being so, orders of the kind in question were bound to come. "Things are what they are, and the consequences will be what they will be," he quoted. This is cold comfort for Coalition Liberals who voted for the Act, but may well be given as an example of the folly of tampering with Free Trade. Mr. Hannon drove the point home: "We do not desire to admit into this country large quantities of any goods, of which the fabric glove is an example." The intention to use the Safeguarding Act as a purely protective measure could not be more frankly stated. For the rest, Mr. Baldwin's claim that the British fabric glove industry is, as a whole, efficient, can be met by anyone who buys these articles, and was most effectively answered by Mr. Thomas Shaw. It is because Lancashire spinners are efficient that they sell their yarn, and because the Saxon glove-makers are equally so that they command so much of the market for gloves. Free Traders had never a clearer issue: a great and efficient industry is to be penalized to protect not the efficient but the inefficient forms of a minor one.

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THE meeting of the Irish Parliament has been adjourned again—this time till August 12th. When the Dáil Assembles it will have a very serious situation to

consider apart from the military position. The rebellion is a disastrous event for its effects on unemployment and the economic prospects of the country. The rebels clearly regard this confusion as a powerful help to their plans for anarchy. At Ballycotton, in County Cork, they compelled the inhabitants to destroy the pier, which gives shelter to the local fishing craft; at Tipperary they burned to the ground one of the largest condensed-milk factories in Ireland; in Connemara they destroyed the famous wireless station of Clifden. Typhus is reported in Connemara, and there are grave fears that it will spread. It is clear that unless the disorder can be suppressed pretty rapidly the state of Ireland will be nearly desperate by the time the remedies are available. But the Government are acting wisely in avoiding bloodshed as far as possible. This is recognized by Lord Crewe, who writes an interesting article in the "Contemporary," in which he speaks as one of the Ministers responsible for the executions after the Easter rising. He now gives it as his opinion that forgiveness would have been statesmanship. But when THE NATION pleaded for that policy not a Liberal Minister gave heed.

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THE National troops have cleared County Mayo, and in the South they are pushing the rebels steadily towards Cork and Fermoy. Tipperary was captured on Monday. Tipperary was reported to be favorable to the Republicans, but the National troops were hailed as deliverers. This is not surprising, for the rebels, there as elsewhere, had behaved in such a manner as to alienate whatever sympathy their cause might have attracted, treating their own country as an enemy might treat it. Mr. Boland, who was Mr. de Valera's private secretary, has died as the result of wounds received in a fracas with some soldiers who had arrested him in a hotel at Skerries. The military casualties are still few in number.

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MEANWHILE, the rate at which the rebel movement, with its anarchist and bandit elements, is being suppressed encourages the hope that in about a month the whole movement will be at an end. There may be a fairly stiff fight for Cork, before which the chief rebel strength is concentrated, and where the Irregulars will hardly succumb without a struggle—badly as they have fought elsewhere. British opinion must then be prepared not for a policy of condonation, but of very mild dealing with the captured. The Free State will do its best to avoid a vendetta, or a fresh crop of bitter Irish memories, and considering what our experience of the opposite policy has been we cannot and ought not to blame her. The present rulers of Ireland know that the Irregulars have discredited themselves, and that their wanton destruction of Irish property, which it will be very difficult to replace either by taxation or by loan, finally discredits their movement. And they don't want to qualify their success in arms and policy by giving back to the rebels the moral appeal these men have almost completely lost.

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THE Prime Minister's Wednesday speech on India, together with the accompanying debate, is open to an unfortunate construction. Manifestly it does not imply any retreat from, or any weakening in, the reform policy, the lines and aims of which are settled. It did,

however, contain a declaration as to the permanence of the British public services, "the steel frame of the whole structure," which was needlessly sharp in tone. Outside the ranks of the ultra-Nationalists, no party in India contemplates the removal of British authority or the withdrawal of the British official; and Mr. George should have been able to put the right emphasis upon a declaration in itself not open to challenge. The real fault of the Prime Minister's speech, and of the Under-Secretary's, was that neither of them dealt with the situation which Sir Samuel Hoare's motion was designed to open up: namely, the genuine grievances of the services, complicated as they are by the financial difficulties in India. These are connected with the grave outlook for the Budget, the fall of the rupee, the vast military expenditure, the heavy cost of the reforms with their many new posts and salaries, and other factors. Sir Donald Maclean suggested a commission of inquiry, and an inquiry of some sort would seem to be urgent.

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THE week has brought a series of efforts, more determined than any hitherto made, for the ending of the American strike war. The outstanding feature of an unexampled situation is the weakness of the President, who has been defied in downright fashion by the railway companies. Mr. Harding insists upon the authority of the Railroad Labor Board being acknowledged by both sides. But he cannot get the companies to take his compromise, which the unions had accepted because it embodied the demand upon which they laid the most stress, the full reinstatement of the strikers in respect of seniority. On the other hand, the miners' strike has entered upon its fifth month, but with marked signs of an approaching collapse. The consequent boom in British exports of coal continues, and has been greatly extended. More American ships have been pressed into the service, and the East Coast ports are humming with trade, while the miners of South Wales have raised, of course ineffectively, the question of an embargo.

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THE queer crisis in Poland seems to be over. For a week or more the Republic had neither a President nor a Premier. Marshal Pilsudski had resigned, rather than appoint Korfanty as Premier. Korfanty went on collecting his Ministry, and it is interesting to note that he took M. Skirmunt as his Foreign Secretary, which meant, as we conjectured, that his aim was rather social reaction at home than adventure and war abroad. But during the interregnum, Korfanty's small majority in the Diet suddenly broke up, and the crisis was over. Pilsudski will continue to be President, and there will be a "Cabinet of Affairs." There can be no real solution of the problem, which is caused by the even balance of forces in the Diet, until a general election is held.

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WE should like to divine a touch of sincerity in Mr. Bottomley's letter to the Speaker; but canting is a trade, and Bottomley, like Pecksniff, will never use any other language, for he has none. There is the accustomed general confession of fault and specific denial of it; the usual complaint of harsh judges and wrong verdicts; the old slippery profession of good will and bad luck. No ill was intended; not so very much was done; all will be made right in the future. Nothing will ever be made right; but Mr. Bottomley's hand is compulsorily out of his neighbor's pocket, and simpletons have a close time in consequence.



## Politics and Affairs.

### THE MEANING OF THE BALFOUR NOTE.

ON the eve of the momentous meeting with M. Poincaré in London, the manifesto by Lord Balfour on the whole subject of War Debts has struck very publicly and very firmly a somewhat unexpected note. The document is addressed in form to the Allied Governments, and not to Germany or the United States. But it is very rightly published broadcast, and is, in fact, a letter addressed to the whole civilized world. Its effects will vary, and it would be a fascinating exercise to imagine the comments which will be made upon it by those whom it concerns—the Middle-Western farmer who invested in the Liberty loan and now finds himself, he hardly knows why, impoverished and depressed; the Wall Street banker, who does begin to realize why he also is in the same case; the French Nationalist; the German worker and professional man, watching the mark soaring towards 4,000 to the £1; the Russian meditating the collapse at The Hague; and last, but not least, the British taxpayer. Their immediate "reactions," to use the American word, it is already clear, will be extremely varied, and will range, we imagine, from annoyance in the Americans, mingled with some prickings of conscience, through anger in the case of the French, and apprehension in that of the Germans, to the satisfaction which is obvious at home. Its reasoning is cogent, and, in a sense, unanswerable, and its form is dignified and courteous. That, however, may only increase the momentary annoyance, for no one likes to be put palpably in the wrong by a skilful and urbane debater.

If one takes the substance of the document, as most British readers will, and tests it as an expression of the policy which each of us would wish to follow, reasonable men will be inclined to praise it. It does not lack generosity. It makes what is really the very handsome offer that, if other creditors will do the same to us, we will remit the whole of our claims against the Allies and against Germany. That is, in effect, an offer to sacrifice on the balance a sum of no less than £2,550 millions. For while we owe to America about £850 millions, the debts due to us, including our share of the German indemnity, reach the big total of £3,400 millions. It is safe to say that no Power in history has ever before dreamed of a sacrifice on this scale. Equally reasonable, in the abstract, is the statement which will interest everyone, even more directly and painfully than our offer—that we cannot afford to remit entirely our claims upon the Allies and Germany if America insists (as she has every right to do) that we shall pay our debt to her. To complete our case in all its reasonable generosity, Lord Balfour adds, in effect, that we shall not think of exacting from our own debtors in any event more than will cover what we owe to America. In other words, if we have to pay our £850 millions to America, we shall collect it, or try to collect it, in some unspecified proportion from France and the other Allies, from Germany, and (theoretically) from Russia; but even so, we shall still sacrifice £2,550 millions. Lest there should still be any failure on the part of our debtors to appreciate the soundness of our action, Lord Balfour manages to point out, without indelicacy, that our debt to America was incurred not for our own war needs at all, but solely in order to provide for our Allies, whose credit stood lower than our

own. In plain words, we are not properly debtors at all. We gave security for the others.

It is one thing to say of a diplomatic document that it is reasonable, generous, cogent, and courteous, and another to approve it as a whole. One does not write such notes in order to state eternal truths, still less should one write them for the satisfaction of one's own self-esteem. A Note is written to achieve a purpose. It is not a literary effort, to be judged on its merits. It is a move in a complicated game of chess, and it is good or bad according to the effect it produces. We think we know what effect Lord Balfour wishes to produce. But the meaning is not very apparent. Is he thinking chiefly of what every man will say this week when he reads these polished sentences, or of the effect days, weeks, or months hence, when the sentences are forgotten, and only the facts remain? Is he talking chiefly to America, or chiefly to M. Poincaré? We should say certainly to the last. But it looks as if the first effect of this well-written and cogent statement of a reasonable and generous policy will be to annoy America. She will think—wrongly think, as we believe—that we wish to touch her political conscience and make her feel a trifle mean. We seem to be saying to her: "Here are we, who spent more, much more, in blood and treasure during the war than you did, and have suffered far more seriously from its after-effects, setting you an example in generosity which ought to shame you, and that in spite of the fact that we are collectively a much less wealthy nation."

A little sore Americans are bound to feel. But what exactly will they feel? Some few may feel that they really are behaving meanly towards an unhappy and impoverished Continent. Most of them, however, will feel only that they have been made to look mean. They will resent it, and they can easily discover reasons why their case as creditors is not on all fours with ours. It may be said that the war was not America's direct concern. If anyone wants to argue that it was ours, he may make play with our traditional theory of the Balance of Power, and with our commercial and naval rivalry with Germany. But the better minds in America will find something more plausible to say than this. They will point to the state of Europe—the folly of the excessive indemnity, the iniquity—the cruelty and peril—of the Rhineland Occupation, the high armaments and low taxation of France, and as much else as they may have knowledge to add to the indictment. They can bring a tremendous charge against us all, and in this mood they do not discriminate. They damn our mad Continent, and they ask why should they cancel the debts of people who will only use their immunity to build airships and submarines, to arm negroes, and to ruin each other's lives.

This brings us to the main point of our argument. We desire a generous policy towards all Europe. We would go even further than Lord Balfour in this direction, for we would, in the last resort, scrap all the debts, and shoulder our American burden into the bargain. And yet, Lord Balfour is for us very much too generous. We should refuse to remit one franc of the sum that the French owe us unless they will alter their European policy. His Note expressly disclaimed any thought of bargaining. It did not even require that the other Allies shall reduce their claims on Germany if we forgo ours. Still less did it mention the Rhineland Occupation, which is, to our thinking, a matter superior even to the indemnity (which is its cover) in importance. These omissions, which must have been deliberate, must worsen the American reception of the Note. We are sure that the best chance of moving America to a large-minded policy



is to enlist her idealism. Show her that her renunciation of debt may be a lever to bring about what Mr. Wilson failed to achieve, and she might be educated up to it. In other words, if America and Great Britain, as the two creditor States, could agree to remit the debts of France on condition that France abandons her militarism, we do not think that much inclination would remain in Washington to press us for our dues. We imagine this is part of the argumentative stock which Mr. Balfour has in reserve. But his Note gives no indication of such a policy. Tact may have dictated his silence—tact towards the French. But we doubt whether he will gain thereby in France the smallest degree of consideration.

The direct and immediate effect of the Note is to advance the Continental chaos. The French argue that if we are going to be just and precise to them, they in turn must be equally stiff to the Germans. Already M. Poincaré (who probably knew what to expect some days before the Note was published) has resumed his letters to Germany, and has actually served upon her a fresh threat of coercion, apparently by isolated French action. We await the final effect upon the mark of M. Poincaré's second threat with the utmost alarm. The mark has been halved in value in little less than a month. It may break that record again and again in the next four weeks. It is falling pretty accurately a year behind the Austrian krone. Long before it reaches the krone's present rate of 200,000 to the £1, the only possible hope for Europe will lie in universal repudiation and bankruptcy *à la Russe*. But we imagine that Lord Balfour is looking beyond this confusion to the effect of second thoughts on the French. He wishes chiefly to make a salutary impression on the mind of M. Poincaré before he comes to London. He may hold in reserve an offer to scrap the French debt, in spite of these cogent arguments for collecting it, on some such conditions as we suggest. "Pay up" is the public demand. "But if you were by any chance prepared to consider the reduction of the Germany indemnity and the ending of the Rhineland Occupation, we might reconsider our attitude"—that is the private aside. The publication of the Note is, of course, a doubtful step. We believe in publicity, but if one publishes grave declarations of policy, they should speak one's whole mind. It is impossible that Lord Balfour or Mr. George can leave out of account the main issue—the pacification of Europe as a result of our own generous policy. It is a real mistake to keep silence about it. That also should have been said, frankly and firmly, and had it been said, the effect of the Note, alike in America, France, and Germany, might have been much more fortunate than it is likely now to be.

#### THE NEW NEGLECT OF LIFE.

APART from the apathy that is the normal condition of the average mind and the resistance to reform that is the normal conduct of the vested interests, there are two subtle dangers to the physical progress of a nation. One of these dangers is the mistaken emphasis laid on distinctions of race; the other is the tendency to take for our guidance what we may call the specialist's narrow view of health instead of the broad conclusions of medical science. Disraeli said eighty years ago: "In the structure, the decay, and the development of the various families of men, the vicissitudes of history find their main solution. All is race. The Norman element in our population wanes; the influence of the Saxon population is felt everywhere, and everywhere their characteristics appear." We do not use the vocabulary of race to-day as Disraeli

and his contemporaries used it, but the same sort of argument runs through a great deal of modern discussion of social problems. Race is everything; environment nothing. You can improve your population by breeding from the right stocks; you cannot hope to improve it by educating the wrong stocks. The Eugenists of politics urge this doctrine in one form or another in this country, and more positively and aggressively in America, where some minds hold, like Mr. Stoddard, that this is the one problem before civilization. This is the theme of his book, "The Revolt against Civilization." Naturally their reasoning prejudices all efforts at social reform, for it operates like the old view of Malthus's teaching, which made philosophers and economists think that if you made the world too comfortable for mankind, the race would soon overcrowd it, with fatal results.

As it happens, our experience recommends the greatest caution in accepting any conclusions based on such slight premises as these thinkers offer, while, at the same time, it shows for the guidance of the world the immense results produced by improving man's surroundings. It would be interesting if one could get the family history of all the men who showed initiative and enterprise and ability in the Industrial Revolution, and then note how much evidence their ancestors had given of those qualities. They were, in the main, men who rose from modest or obscure beginnings. We learn from Lady Gwendolen Cecil's excellent biography of her father that for two centuries the representatives of this distinguished family were distinguished only for stupidity. The university records of two or three hundred families are much too slight for the conclusions that Dean Inge and others would base on them. At the same time we have the experience of nearly a century's records of social data to reinforce the truth of the importance of environment. When Chadwick started the scientific study of these facts he came at once on the truth that men of the same race following the same pursuits show widely different records of health and vitality in accordance with the difference in their conditions of life. Thus he took the population of Bradford and compared its death-rate of over 27 per 1,000 with that of Horton, a few miles distant, with its death-rate more than 21 per 1,000 lower. He gave similar comparisons in Lancashire and Cheshire. He pointed, too, the moral of the experience of the Navy. In the early nineteenth century the death-roll in the Navy from disease was appalling. As a consequence of the reforms in ventilation, food, &c., the health of the Navy was so much improved by 1830 that a squadron lost fewer lives in South America than a single ship had lost under the old conditions. The men were of the same class, drawn from the same population, living, in the first case, under bad, in the second under healthy conditions.

The importance of this general truth is brought home by the reports of the meetings of the British Medical Association at Edinburgh and the Sanitary Congress at Bournemouth. If we had unlimited money to spend we should attack disease, so to speak, in detail, and we should pay full regard to what the dentist can tell us, what the oculist can tell us, what the aurist can tell us, what this and that specialist can tell us. But these things come after, and not before, the considerations that medical science urges on the general relation of disease to bad conditions. Professor Leonard Hill pointed out in his paper last week that the further man gets from the open-air life of the animal the more does he become liable to disease. The people of Bradford died faster than the people of Horton in 1840 because there was less fresh air in their streets. So with us to-day. The Chief Medical Officer of the Ministry of Health states in his report issued this week that the death-rate from

pneumonia at the ages of forty-five to fifty-five in the Lancashire industrial towns is 222 per cent. higher than the lowest rate, the rate of the clergy, whereas the rate for agricultural laborers is 114 per cent. higher. It is better to live on poor food in country air than on better food in bad and poisoned air. The Lord Mayor of Manchester has just published an excellent book on the smoke nuisance. If the efforts of social reformers had been successful in the early days of the Industrial Revolution, this nuisance would have been suppressed nearly a century ago, and the Coketown that Dickens described in "Hard Times" would have been a less horrible and deadly place to live in.

We ought, of course, to have learnt from the war what some of our ancestors learnt from the experience of the Navy. The great improvement that was seen in the physique of thousands of ill-grown youths when they were living in the open air told its own tale. It showed what a country would do if it really wished to cease being a C3 nation. Then came the anti-waste stunt, the panic in the Government, and the general abandonment of all our ideals of improvement. We thought no longer of saving England: we returned to the old cry, *Sauve qui peut*. This panic was stupid, like all panics. Those who lost their heads in it forgot that nothing is so extravagant as disease. It is quite impossible to calculate what a nation gains by clean towns,

good houses, and fresh air. One speaker at Edinburgh put it that the increase in our working lives due to the improvements of the last sixty years alone represented a gain of 200 millions. But this truth has a bearing on the methods of medical administration. It is useless to spend money on the detailed examination of individual cases if we are going to neglect the general conditions of our life. It is better to give a man or a child a good home and let him alone than to put him in a bad home and then look after his teeth and his adenoids. This is the main lesson that medicine has to teach us. Between 1900 and 1904, as we learn from some figures in the "Economist," there were 650,000 houses built; between 1910 and 1914 the figure was little more than half. For the doctors of England that is as serious a fact as an epidemic. A few doctors like Southwood Smith, a few parsons like Kingsley, a few public men like Shaftesbury, made strenuous efforts after the great cholera panic to teach the English people that disease and bad conditions are only two names for the same thing. To-day, when we have a Ministry of Health that disapproves of house-building, and a Ministry of Education that disapproves of education, that lesson is more urgently needed than ever. No Insurance Act can take the place of clean towns, good houses, and good schools. If a nation cannot afford these things the money it spends on insurance is wasted.

## A BANKER'S WARNING.

By FRANK VANDERLIP.

MUNICH, JULY 28TH, 1922.

THE world of Europe awaits the outcome of a conversation between two men. The lives of 440 million people will be vitally affected by the result of that conversation. History is not made by the masses. Events are shaped, history is written, by comparatively few hands. It is not peoples, but people, who make history; and not only the making of the immediate history of Europe, but the shaping of endless consequences, lies now in the hands of Poincaré and Lloyd George.

What are the elemental facts with which these men have to deal? With increasing clearness these fundamental elemental facts are coming into view. An imposed Peace was made at Paris. There was left out of it every element of justice and that hope for a brotherhood of which Wilson had a vision. There was no magnanimity in the Peace. There was almost a total absence of justice. "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord"; but the Allies thought vengeance was theirs and shaped a peace of vengeance. The fruits are bitter.

Vengeance is blind, and in this case the blindness took particularly the form of economic blindness. Economic illusions of far-reaching consequence were engendered. France was a pitiful victim of the war, but is now a more pitiful victim of the illusions created by the Peace. Acting under the illusion that as a desperately injured but victorious nation she could collect from Germany material recompense for her injuries, she expended ninety billions of francs in partially healing her wounds. Some of the expenditure was unwise, some of it was not honestly handled; but it was spent. Against it she wrote in her deficient budgets "recoverable expenditures." It was not recoverable, and to provide the funds she has created a short-term floating debt of ninety billions. Now to face realities, to cast off the illusion, leaves her in a card house of finance.

That is one reason why Poincaré cannot come to the Conference with Lloyd George seeing realities clear-eyed. There is another reason. France lives in terror of a reconstructed Germany. If there had been a just Peace,

Germany might have accepted it in good part, and her war spirit, dragged in the dust, might never have recovered. Instead of that an unjust Peace has been administered unwisely. German sensibilities—the Germans have sensibilities, although propaganda had led us to doubt it—have been outraged by the black troops and by a thousand provocative courses of action. Germans would not be human if they had not developed a spirit of resentment that is found here to-day and which offers sound basis for the fears of France. A reconstructed Germany left uncontrolled by any powerful association of nations, and held in check by no opposing alliances or guarantees, is a danger to France.

England sees the realities of the situation, knows that economic impossibilities were attempted under the Peace, understands that her very existence is largely dependent upon a reconstructed Europe, and is prepared to wipe out at least a part of the errors of Paris and permit Europe to have a fresh start. But France cannot awake from an illusion to face bankruptcy, nor face with equanimity a reconstructed Germany that would be a reconstructed enemy, and, therefore, cannot be expected to send Poincaré to the Conference seeing and accepting realities.

Failure of these two statesmen to reach a practical agreement which will permit the revival of economic life in Europe will mean, I believe, terrible consequences. I could speak of the dangers now existing in the Italian situation, of the extreme crisis which is strangling Austria, of the inescapable grip of economic facts on the throat of Hungary, of the political chaos in Poland, of the complete economic decay of Russia, and any one of these factors would ordinarily be enough to convince one of the gravity of the European situation. But for some weeks I have been studying conditions in Germany, and that leads me to emphasize the importance of the coming crisis in Germany if no relief is afforded.

The casual observer would see an industrious Germany almost fully employed, a fairly orderly state of society, splendid cities kept in irreproachable neatness,



a fairly satisfactory harvest, tempting shop windows and abundantly supplied hotel tables. From all this it might be argued that a German crisis is an illusion of a pessimistic economic mind. In the face of these pleasant facts, however, I believe a deeper observer cannot fail to see the inevitable and early approach of an economic crisis of the gravest order. In about a month's time we have seen the mark depreciate from two hundred to the dollar to five hundred to the dollar. All the forces that led to that depreciation are still at work, some of them with redoubled strength. Economic forces are dynamic. Economic events will not stand still awaiting the outcome of difficult political discussions. Germany at present is raising but three-fifths of her food supply and two-thirds of her fodder requirements. She must import raw material for her manufactures, and her manufacturers must produce for export enough to pay for these essential requirements, and the world must be prepared to buy these goods, or Germany will go hungry.

German industry is to-day in the grip of economic pincers, and inevitable disaster can be predicted from the movement of either jaw. If the decline of the mark could be stopped, manufacturers for export would find their costs of production speedily brought up to the world level and their export movement stopped. That was beginning before the recent decline of the mark. On the other hand, if the mark continues to decline, which now seems much more probable, it will inevitably be accompanied by a credit crisis, the signs of which are now plainly visible, and the result of which is the extreme embarrassment of all production for domestic consumption.

At the moment there is less idleness in Germany than in most other countries, but there seem to me inexorable factors working which will soon produce large unemployment. This is likely to come at the same moment in which there are sharply advancing price levels. The result of such a combination is sure to be social disorder. That is what I believe Germany is facing unless there is relief within the next few months. This promises a revolution from the Left. It might be sternly repressed and open the way for a swing of political control to the Right, putting, for the time being, political control in the hands of the reactionary Monarchal Party. But whether the Government is administered by the Centre, the Left, or the Right, no Government can remove the economic disabilities that are gripping Germany.

I attach no great importance to the present internal controversy between Bavaria and the Federal Government. That movement is but repeating American history. It is the struggle between the ideas of State sovereignty and centralized Government. There is in the background a Monarchal sentiment in Bavaria, but its supporters are too wise to wish to press that movement in a time when they know that a newly constituted

Monarchy would face such economic troubles as to ensure its early downfall. I have talked with Chancellor Wirth and with the Bavarian Prime Minister Count Lerchenfeld. I believe the attitude of both Governments is too sane and moderate, and the recognition of the dangers with which Germany is confronted too clear, to permit this domestic political difference to drift into an active break.

If the consequences of unaltered peace terms are likely to be really so disastrous, one may well wonder why those consequences are not more clearly seen. I believe they are seen with great clarity by English statesmen. Why, then, does not England, so strong in common sense, so experienced in settling difficulties in a practical way, even when practical solutions do violence to theoretical principles—why should not such an England devise and enforce a programme for the economic reconstruction of Europe? What I believe is the true reason for a semi-paralysis of British action has come to me as the greatest shock of anything I have learned in Europe. Bull-dog England, with a history full of such courage that she has seemed to be afraid of nothing, is to-day afraid of a break with France. She fears 2,700 French aeroplanes, manned by the most daring and skilful airmen in the world. She has 800,000 reasons for fearing French military force, for France has the most formidable army in the world. She fears that undersea fleet that France has been steadily constructing in the face of a world demand for disarmament. It is this fear that prevents England from taking a course so strong as to result in a break with France, and unless she takes such a course, France, dominated by her financial difficulties and her fears of a reconstructed Germany, can hardly be expected to so far give way in her ideas of her rights under the various Treaties of Paris as will permit the inauguration of a programme that will avert the economic disaster with which the Continent is threatened.

Must America stand by, either ignoring or, if alive to the facts, helpless? If America's moral forces could be brought to bear on the situation and American financial strength be brought to contribute to a solution, America might be the salvation of Europe. Here, again, history is not made by the masses, but by the acts of a few people. If there were combined in the President of the United States the moral vision of a Wilson, but with none of the disabilities of temperament which caused that moral vision to go down in utter wreck, the popular vigor and daring of a Roosevelt, and the shrewdness of an Elihu Root in his prime, some different pages of history might be written from those that are likely to be engrossed. It would need a Government with all those characteristics effectively to grapple with this problem, and back of such an administration there would need to be a wise Congress that would trust and follow the executive. There is about as much chance of such an outcome as there is that in the Conference between Lloyd George and Poincaré there will be speedily reached an agreement which will save the situation.

## THE COMING CRASH IN AUSTRIA.

FROM A CORRESPONDENT.

VIENNA, JULY, 1922.

THE Austrian Parliament adjourned on July 26th. The best part of the Government programme has weathered the storm. But the bottom is out of it.

It was a courageous programme. It included a Forced Loan of four hundred thousand millions, and the establishment of a new Bank to take over the whole of the vast circulation of worthless banknotes, and provide them with a solid backing.

But it has been defeated, as its numerous predecessors have been defeated, by the collapse of the

exchange. It is only a month old; but in the month since it was introduced, the krone has fallen from 66,025 to the £ to 164,575 to the £. (Before the war 24 kronen went to the £.) That is to say, the money of the country has lost in a single month nearly two-thirds of its purchasing power; and every estimate in the Budget has to be written down to that extent. No programme could stand such shocks.

It is difficult for countries with a stable currency to realize what the exchange means in Germany or Austria. It is the first thing which anyone looks at in



the newspaper, the principal topic of conversation in the café or the train. At the beginning of the month during which the krone made the drop recorded, the loaf cost kr.1,290. It is now kr.2,170, and would be more if the Government had not intervened—under the threat of bread riots—and taken over part of the cost. All other prices have moved in proportion.

The higher the prices rise, the more money is needed to pay them. And so the State must go on printing notes. In the month in question the note circulation rose from 439 to 618 thousand millions, that is to say, by about 40 per cent.

#### VIRTUE NOT REWARDED.

The demoralizing effect on the individual must be seen to be realized. Everyone speculates on the exchange, and hastens to spend the winnings. This is the explanation of the surface luxury which strikes so many foreigners in Vienna. Of what use to save, when one's savings may lose two-thirds of their value in a single month?

A successful tradesman, who died during the war, left a million kronen between his two sons. Each of them thus inherited the comfortable sum of £20,000. As in religious fiction, however, one of them was a Virtuous Son, while the other was a Vicious Son. The Virtuous Son put his kr.500,000 into the State Savings Bank, and lived on the interest—until the collapse came. Now his capital is worth £3, and the interest half-a-crown per annum. The Vicious Son, on the other hand, spent his kr.500,000 entirely on drink. But he kept the empty bottles, and has just sold them for 8 millions!

Why does the krone fall? The immediate cause of last month's fall was the German Reparation crisis. Germany had to produce 32 million gold marks for July; and she bought them, as she does each monthly Reparation instalment, where she could. She has large kronen credits in Vienna, and she used them to buy the foreign valuta which she needed. The inevitable result was to drive the valuta up, which is to say, the krone down.

But the ultimate cause of the depreciation of the Austrian money is the adverse trade balance of Austria. Austria has to import the greater part of her food, all of her coal, and most of her raw materials, from abroad. And she has to buy dollars, and guilders, and Czech crowns, to pay for them. The more she buys, the lower the krone falls, and the greater the number of notes she has to print to make her payments. And the more she prints, the less they are worth. The *circulus vitiosus* is complete. What is to be the end?

#### WHAT "CRASH" MEANS.

Everyone is talking openly now of the end. The "crash" (*Zusammenbruch*) is what it is called here. It will, at any rate, not be a surprise when it comes. And there are those who think that the sooner it comes the better.

But what is meant by "crash"? It does not mean what has been understood by the word in past cases of insolvent States—in Portugal, or Greece, or South America—a declaration of State bankruptcy. It would make little difference, either to Austria or to her creditors, if she were to repudiate her obligations to-morrow. Her State debt in kronen has been practically wiped out by the depreciation of the krone, as the capital of the Virtuous Son was wiped out. Her post-war debt in foreign currencies is altogether about £27,000,000. It has almost all been lent by Governments, and not private capitalists, most of it for philanthropic reasons. Some of it is free of interest, and the interest on the remainder is not a large sum.

There are no bondholders, as in the Egypt of Ismail, to clamor round the carcass.

"Crash" means not a declaration of insolvency, but the arrival of the moment when the foreign Bourses refuse to sell foreign currency for kronen. The Western Bourses—London, Paris, Zurich, and Amsterdam—have long since refused to accept kronen. Travellers to Austria can buy a few thousand kronen for the journey from Cook. But Cook will not change the odd kronen which they bring back with them to England, because he knows that, if he gives half a sovereign for kr.80,000 to-day, they may be worth only a shilling to-morrow.

The only markets open to Austria at present are Prague and Berlin, and to a lesser extent Budapest. If and when these three markets refuse to accept kronen, the Austrian game is up. Soviet roubles have already reached this stage. But Russia is so vast and so potentially rich that, at the price of a certain amount of famine and a certain amount of depopulation, she can contrive to support herself—at any rate for a long time. Austria cannot support herself for two months without foreign food and foreign coal.

#### "ANSCHLUSS."

The Austrian people has its own remedy for this situation, when it arises. With a unanimity which no one, not even in France, now questions, Austria is anxious for union with Germany. Every political party has "Anschluss," as the union is called, on its programme. Each of the seven Provinces has pronounced in favor of it through its Diet, and two of them by *plébiscites* showing a 95 per cent. majority. The newly acquired Burgenland joined hands with the other seven at the opening of its new Diet last week. The great Vienna banks, the only solvent factor in the new Austria, are holding their hands until it comes. It is not primarily a political movement, like the Greater Germany movement of the nineteenth century. Sentimental considerations play very little part in it: for the Austrian has a traditional dislike for the Prussian, and the stock of reactionary Bavaria is not at the moment high in Socialist Vienna. The Anschluss movement is a movement forced on the Austrian people by economic necessity.

Anschluss will raise a number of troublesome political problems. Obviously, it involves a breach in the Treaties; and it will involve also a reconsideration of the whole of the Reparation settlement. But it will solve the difficulty of the food, and the coal, and the raw materials supply, under the weight of which Austria is collapsing. The problem of the Austrian debt, as indicated, does not present special difficulty.

This solution is barred by one factor, and by one factor alone—the attitude of France. History will have its own comment on the rôle which France has played here and throughout Central Europe since the peace. The point for the Allies at the moment is that France has no alternative. An independent Austria can no doubt be kept in being if anyone is prepared to pay for the luxury. But France is not; and it is now clear that no one else is.

The British Treasury gave Austria an advance of two millions sterling earlier in the year. Elaborate precautions were announced to prevent its being wasted, as most previous advances have been wasted in Austria, for purely consumptive purposes. Mr. G. M. Young was sent out, amid a shower of compliments and allusions to the late Lord Cromer, to control its expenditure. The position now is that, while it has not been spent directly on food (like the earlier credits), it has all, or nearly all, gone on a useless attempt to bolster up the exchange. It might as well have been thrown into the sea, so far as the British taxpayer is concerned. It would have been

far more usefully employed in recovering the gold which was sunk with the "Lusitania."

The fact is that the problem, which has been hitherto financial, is becoming—perhaps it has become—political. The "crash," when it comes, will presumably be accompanied by disturbances. What is to happen then?

Some say the Czechs are prepared to occupy Vienna to restore order. But Dr. Benes is not the man to take such a step, with its corollary of expense, odium, and responsibility, unless his hands are forced (and his expenses guaranteed) by his allies or—others. It is a different matter in the south. The two southern Provinces, Styria and Carinthia, are living in open anticipation of a Jugo-Slav occupation, which will not wait for disorders as a pretext. They will cut loose from the capital, which they cordially dislike, and with which they are bound by no ties since the disappearance of the Hapsburgs; and will ask for Italian intervention. Tyrol may or may not follow suit. Tyrol has much to gain from reunion with the German territory, of which the Peace Treaty deprived her, even if that reunion has to take place under the hated flag of Savoy. And the Italians have the advantage, which the Czechs and Jugo-Slavs have not, that they have behaved well in the annexed territories. Vorarlberg may join Switzerland. Salzburg and the two Austrias will be left *in vacuo*: for the Czechs will hardly care to move enough troops to occupy them. Hungary may be mad enough to try a new *coup de main* in the Burgenland. Her komitajis will, at any rate, make trouble there.

Can anyone see any element of permanence or peace in such a welter? And this is the alternative to Anschluss! And it is imminent to all appearances in the near future, without any policy on the part of the Entente to deal with it.

## A London Diary.

LONDON, THURSDAY.

ANY quick foreboding eye could have foreseen the first sequences of the Balfour Note. America coldly re-states her claims on us. We pass her insistence on to France. France turns with her usual bullying gesture on Germany, whose body she covets even more than her bond. Down goes the mark in sympathy with Germany's sure apprehension of all these events. There could be no better proof that the grand cause of the collapse of German currency is, as it has always been, political more than economic. This is how the rude catharsis of the Note has worked. But surely its authors intended this effect, or discounted it. It seems hard to believe that the intention was merely to make America "feel mean" and England "feel good." That, indeed, would be the last word of incompetent shallowness. I think the tone and setting of this very Balfourian Note is something to seek. It strikes purely logical ground. So far as America, and also the *orbis terrarum*, is concerned, I believe a moral appeal would have carried further. But the Note cannot be stripped of its character as a challenge to thought, directed, nominally to America, more intimately to France.

I BELIEVE this to be the Cabinet's intention. The Note is gravely deficient on the constructive side, but the line of its intimations is sufficiently clear. British policy is for the first time laid out before the world. This country stands for a complete clearance of the economic (therefore of the political) entanglement. It wants no indemnities (is not, indeed, prepared to receive them, in the only possible

shape of "dumped" German goods), and expects no payment of inter-Allied debts. In pursuit of this policy, it finally disclaims payments from Germany, and gives France a sufficiently clear intimation that, provided she will come into a general settlement, we are ready to waive our own perfectly valid claim against her. This is the message to which France has made the characteristic response of the Poincaré Note. Nevertheless, it is the new ground of British policy, from which the George-Poincaré conversations must start.

FROM these I augur no immediate good. *My own information and my observation in Germany convince me that we are on the eve of a French adventure which will prove fatal to the peace of the Continent.* It is no question of the Treaty of Versailles. France has already torn up the Treaty. Her continued occupation of the three towns, Düsseldorf, Duisburg, Ruhrort (the first with colored troops) after Germany had accepted the London ultimatum tramples, with piratical nonchalance, on its letter. The character of the Rhineland occupation (an obvious political preparation for annexation) breaks its spirit, even if it leaves the letter intact. If I am not mistaken, this political design, with a hundred local machinations at its back, is marching rapidly along the *voie de fait*. France knows perfectly well that England opposes the occupation. Her natural tactic, therefore, is to place it at the back of a series of alternative propositions, which she knows that England cannot accept. She will probably begin by a renewed threat to occupy the Ruhr. England cannot go back on her previous veto of this particularly senseless act. France will then suggest the complete Turkeyfying of German finances. England again, knowing that this means the disintegration of the Reich, will be compelled to say No. France will then advance her real *coup*. "Very well, then," she will say, "we must have guarantees. With that view we propose to occupy the line of the Main, separating Southern and Northern Germany, and crippling the German *revanche*." This, or some variation of route, is to be the first day's march in the campaign of "cannon and bayonets" threatened by the "Temps." Its proclamation may come to-day, to-morrow, or the day after. Therefore I suggest that the Balfour Note is at least a mental preparation for England.

I AM glad to hear that the Government has decided to appoint a Royal Commission on the Prisons system. The question is before the Cabinet, and the chief unsettled point is, who is to be on the inquiry? But that is the vital matter. The Gladstone Commission was, on the whole, a strong body; after the fierce light that has been thrown on the later working of the prison system, and the many independent minds that have been attracted to the problem, an equally powerful Commission ought to sit to-day. Dr. Morrison, for many years the chaplain at Wandsworth and a pioneer of reform, should certainly be one, and if Mr. Shaw had time and would consent to sit, he would turn out as good a Commissioner as he is a man of letters.

I WANT to bespeak the help of readers of THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM for an institution which will, I am sure, command their sympathy. The plight of the professional classes in Germany is deplorable. Students are perhaps the worst sufferers. Ill-fed and ill-clothed, great numbers of them only succeed in paying their fees and maintaining themselves at the Universities by physical work—waiting at table, tree-felling, &c., in the

vacations and at spare times. The struggle for life and culture gets harder as the rise in prices continues. The great German newspaper, the "Frankfurter Zeitung," maintains at Frankfort one institution at which not only these students, but also some of their professors, artists, writers, and other brain-workers, are given meals and house-room, warmth in the winter, and papers to read. The club, for such it is, is not quite a charitable institution, though it is under the supervision of an organization of charitable work. The self-respect of those who use it is saved by charging a small sum—eight marks (to-day representing about a halfpenny of our money) for meals. The "Frankfurter" is anxious to take over a second building to supply the growing need. I beg some English help—especially from quarters where student-life is cherished, and from those to whom the words "unity," "reconciliation," "peace," are something more than catchwords. It may be sent either to this office, or to Dr. Heinrich Simon, of the "Frankfurter Zeitung," from whose lips I took this sketch of the meaning and organization of the institution.

#### HOLIDAY moods:—

The two harmonies that strike on the ear of the traveller in Europe to-day are the faint, diminishing note of its past life and the harsh, dominant *crescendo* that announces its future.

Genius, not getting on with this world, discovered Heaven and Hell, and has since made them fearfully real to the rest of mankind.

Tolstoy is our only modern Christian writer; yet what a thing he has made of the great Christian institutions of war, property, and marriage!

Modern criticism is chiefly concerned with discrowning a few adjectives.

"Society" has quite forgotten the war; and the only risk to its peace and good digestion is that some young man at an evening party should suddenly be moved in the spirit to tell it exactly what he saw for five minutes in a trench under fire.

Governing England knows better than to "put revolution down." With a smile she—the amiable *cocotte*—beckons its leaders to a seat at the feast beside her.

A WAYFARER.

## Life and Letters.

### "TO FOREIGN PARTS."

ONCE upon a time—it is the natural beginning for the fairy story we are going to tell—once upon a time, in calm and happy mood, English people of moderate means would be setting off for "a tour on the Continent" when August came. Some would take a growing child or two with them; some would leave their young disporting with spades and buckets upon the Elysian Fields of the sands. Nothing hampered their departure. They "boarded" a train at one of the great London stations. They "boarded" a waiting ship at one of the ports. They passed across the "summer seas." They arrived in France or Belgium or Holland, and walked straight into "those delightful foreign restaurants," where everything delicious to eat and drink stood ready, and no currant buns. A waiter who smiled and smiled, but was no villain, tripped around with fairy footfall. A guardian angel, dressed in a blue blouse with a brass number round his neck, took the keys of the registered luggage and saw everything through the Customs and into an unknown van without a word. In booking-offices, hotels, and restaurants the smiling, honest face of the British sovereign took them everywhere without question. As a matter of course, they got twenty-five francs for it in France, and the silver they got in France was

just equally good in Switzerland and Italy. As a matter of course, they received twenty-five pesetas for that comfortable bit of gold in Spain, and twenty marks, with a penny or two extra, in Germany. If anyone had asked them for a passport, except at the frontiers of Russia or Turkey, they would have boiled with indignation as at an unexampled insult. But as no one ever did, the world lay open and happy to be their pleasure-ground, as the Garden of Eden before the flaming swords were posted at the gates.

It was a lovely time, and now, like good fairies, guardian angels, and other miracles, it has sunk into the abyss of a golden past. Now, if you want to leave these happy shores, before all things it is necessary that you obtain a passport. You are given a huge piece of blue paper, covered with unpleasant questions about your age, the color of your eyes, the hue of your complexion, the shape of your nose, your past history and occupation, the place you want to go to, and your purpose in going. You must pay money; you must present two photos. Except for a few countries, you must get a visa from the consul of the regions you will pass through. You must pay more money, in some cases a great deal more. If the passport that you have obtained with infinite effort is over two years old or is filled up with visas, you must start at the beginning again with the blue paper and all the ridiculous questions. The old passport is not sufficient guarantee of your decency. Why not? Because some "broody Brigadier," as anxious to sit as a broody hen, has got a job and must justify the job and the pay. So round you go to a banker, the very banker, the very clergyman, the very magistrate, the very doctor who signed your certificate of decency before; and when the broody Brigadier has justified his job and taken your pay, he continues to sit, while you trot round again to the various Consulates to get the visas and pay again.

By the time you have spent your money and obtained your passport, with all the various visas attached, you are about sick of the very word "holiday." Never mind! One must suffer to live under a bureaucracy, and, after all, some people must have jobs, or how could they possibly exist, poor things? Anyhow, you suppose the passport trouble is over at last. But not at all! On the train or on the boat you must fill up a "landing card," answering much the same questions over again. On the train or on the pier you must produce that passport for examination. On the landing-place you must produce it again, probably standing in a line of stuffy fellow-passengers for an hour or so till your turn for examination comes. Tired or raging, you get away at last. Sick and hungry, you mount your carriage; no time left for the restaurant. Never mind! That passport business is over, and you can rest, and perhaps with good luck secure a roll or an apple. You "settle down." Late at night you reach another frontier. Out you are bundled. Again the long waiting in queue; again the ludicrous questions; again the advantages of bureaucracy, while another broody bureaucrat writes and stamps and sits. Why again? You were declared a respectable citizen after crossing the Channel; can you have turned Bolshevik before you have reached Switzerland? Could even the Prime Minister have accomplished a quick-change so complete in those few hours? You were decent in Belgium; are you insupportable in France?

Suppose a miracle had happened, and you really had turned Bolshevik on route. Knowing your own opinions, you naturally would not dare to face the bureaucrat at his table. Even if you were a woman, that penetrating eye would detect that you were redder than you were painted. For purposes dark and deep, you still wish to



insinuate your way into France, but what can you do? Well, the war has taught a good many thousands of us something about that frontier. At any hour of day or night the present writer would undertake to cross it unobserved and undetected, even without the notorious Bolshevik cunning. What, then, is the purpose of all that weary waiting and stupid inspection? The bureaucrat must be fed. How willingly would each passenger on every train contribute one franc for his upkeep! But the very proposal is shameful. He must justify his existence. He must work before he eats. So there he writes, he stamps, he sits. Like the broody hen, he too has instincts of self-preservation.

Besides, is it not well that the State should keep her hold on all her subjects? The State is motherly too, and likes to know where all her chickens are. There may be an evildoer among them, and he, of course, would travel with his name and address and full description upon his passport, down to the color of his nose. The intelligent bureaucrat reads the passport, glances up at the passenger, identifies the photo in a flash—and there you are, don't you know! Or at all events there he is or ought to be. Certainly; of course; no doubt about it. The passport system has its uses, quite apart from its "cushy" jobs. We only mean that to all about to take a holiday on the Continent it says, "Don't!"

And then there is the Customs trouble. No guardian angel of a porter can make the Customs Officers take your word for it now. Suppose you are smitten with a strange desire to see what those queer places on the Baltic are like, or who on earth lives in Czecho-Slovakia, or how the Jugo-Slavs arrange their religious difficulties. At every frontier—Belgian, German, Austrian, Hungarian, Polish, Czecho-Slovakian, Jugo-Slavian, Lithuanian, Latvian, Estonian, Russian—out come all your possessions. The bureaucrat tumbles and fumbles and jumbles them all about, and when he has fully justified his existence, you pack them up again. By the end of your holidays you have the advantage of knowing exactly where each boot or shirt or hairbrush ought to go—any of them, we mean, that are left from the bureaucrat's pillage, or the perquisites of the guard. Overcoming your wife's lingering scruples, you may have tried a holiday in Germany, rejoicing that even British paper is still worth more than the paper of mere foreigners. To stimulate Lancashire's trade, you encourage your wife to purchase fabric gloves, and knowing them to be "almost as good as silk," she buys a few pair for herself and the children. At Dover, on your return, they are seized, and a demand for thirty-three-and-a-third per cent. of their value is made upon her. It is a terrible calculation for the poor woman, especially as the children's gloves were rather cheaper than her own, and some of those were dearer than others. Another cloud obscures the holiday's delight.

Who shall explicate the "ineluctable maze" of the currency and exchange? The franc has turned yellow. It glistens, but is far from being gold. Cross into Switzerland and your franc is not worth a franc or anything like it. You tramp about Austria or Germany padded out with notes as though you wore a life-belt at sea. Hoping for the best, you lap your rolls of notes round you when you go to sleep, and in the morning you find the selfsame notes still lapped round you, but they have mysteriously become valueless. Not even a gambler cares to lose millions in eight hours without playing for them. You take 2,500 marks to a Dutch banker, and he gallantly gives you one English Bradbury for them. Before you have reached your hotel, the mark has fallen and the banker has lost 500 on the transaction. Being what you are, you can derive no personal enjoyment from

his loss, even though you lost double the amount in the same way the day before. No! Take one thing with another, the tourist's lot is not a happy one. There is a pretty, wandering flower called Traveller's Joy. As time goes on, it turns a melancholy grey, and is then called Old Man's Beard. Which change of name is an allegory.

What, then, is wrong with us all? Here is the good old earth, opulent as ever—more opulent, we believe, this year than in the seasons lately passed. Here are millions of men and women working or anxious to work. It is true, we have among us killed off some ten million of the strongest and best. But the young are growing up, and there are plenty left to do the work, for how else could there be hundreds of thousands of unemployed? What, then, can be wrong? Is it savage nationalism, making us hate our neighbors, whom before we tolerated if we did not actually love? Has war aroused a lust of hatred, if not of blood? Can four years of war have thrown the heirs of all the ages four thousand years back in their heritage? The Dean of St. Paul's lately told us that at the beginning of the war we were all stark mad together. Are we all much saner now? If not, perhaps it might be as well to remain in our own asylum for the holidays.

## Letters to the Editor.

### LORD GREY AND FRANCE.

SIR,—Most Independent Liberals will have to be more independent and more detached than ever from the official organization, if it endorses the views of Viscount Grey on foreign and financial policy. In effect his speech at Newcastle is an attack on the Coalition Government because it is not sufficiently pro-French. In regard to France he wants, first, a military compact in defence of France, and therefore in defence of the Treaty of Versailles. An open compact is much better than a secret compact; but it will mean that Great Britain contemplates another war on the Continent and another resort to conscription. Is this up-to-date Liberalism? If so, I much prefer the old school of Gladstone, Harcourt, Morley, and Campbell-Bannerman.

Lord Grey's second proposition relates to finance. He wants the Government to remit the enormous sums lent to France and other Continental Allies during the war, and to pay without examination or discussion the enormous sums loaned by the United States to Great Britain during the last two years of the war, when prices were at their peak and we were almost exhausted. This policy strikes me as the very worst that could be selected. Surely all the war debts should be treated together. There is no ground for differential or preferential treatment. French taxes are much lower than British. There is no unemployment in France. All the debts are grotesquely exaggerated, because fantastic prices were charged for munitions. The American reluctance to cancel or to scale down these debts and to participate in a general settlement is due to the French Government's attitude on armaments, which wrecked the proposal for a general reduction of military budgets at Washington. Most Americans hold, and I believe correctly, that a remission of war debts to France would merely improve the credit of the French Government and enable it to continue a little longer its bloated military and naval establishments.—Yours, &c.,

FRANCIS W. HIRST.

London, August 1st, 1922.

### POPE BENEDICT XV. AND THE WAR.

SIR,—The writer of the article "Fairweather Pacifism" seems to have forgotten that one Christian bishop, and he the prince of bishops, did declare for peace when the last great war was on, and did attempt to put into practice "the plain dictates of his Master." Pope Benedict XV. did not

hold the clothes of those who stoned humanity. Instead, he was stoned himself, his own spiritual children joining in the cowardly assaults on the integrity of his denunciations of the war.

It is only fair, as the writer of the article does not name him as an exception to Christian leaders who are pacific only when there is peace, to recall some of his utterances:—

"In the Holy Name of God . . . we conjure you to put an end once for all to this awful carnage which has already been dishonoring Europe for a year." (July, 1915.)

"Who would recognize brothers whose Father is in Heaven? . . . We implore those in whose hands are placed the fortunes of nations to hearken to our voice. Surely there are other ways and means whereby violated rights can be rectified?" (Encyclical Letter, November 1st, 1914.)

"The material force of arms must be replaced by the moral force of right. In substitution for armies there must be instituted arbitration." (Aug. 1st, 1917.)

These and many other messages were delivered when they were relevant. It is because I am in entire agreement with the greater part of the article that I resent justice not having been done in it to the magnificent appeals and exhortations made by Benedict XV. to a deaf world between the years 1914 and 1918.—Yours, &c.,

CHRISTOPHER ST. JOHN.

[We have frequently done justice to Pope Benedict's utterances on the war. He was an illustrious exception to the other governors of Christian thought and practice.—ED., THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM.]

#### "SETTLEMENTS."

SIR,—Neither Mr. Israel Cohen nor the writer of the article on "Settlements" seems to have grasped the fact that when the Jews invade a neighborhood the Gentiles leave it. The latter do not like the Jews *en masse*, though individual Gentiles may appreciate individual Jews. This feeling, be it called foolish prejudice or wise instinct, explains the fact of ghettos in all towns where there are Jews, in the new world as well as in the old nations.

To me this seems the strongest reason for Zionism. It is bad to be hated, it is worse to hate; but if the Jews would bravely leave the fleshpots of the various Egypts in which they now live, assemble somewhere and make a nation, they would bear their own responsibilities, and reap the rewards or punishments of their own virtues or shortcomings.

Scattered, these great people often annoy and create discord—united, they might again have something really valuable to teach the Gentile world.—Yours, &c.,

HENRIETTA O. BARNETT.

#### FOLK DANCING.

SIR,—The correspondent quoted in "A London Diary" of July 15th is unduly pessimistic when he states that "The younger generation in the villages has forgotten the songs and dances which Mr. Cecil Sharp . . . collected exclusively from the old people." I know three villages, or small towns, in Derbyshire, where young men still dance the morris, and where young people of both sexes dance country dances, at the traditional feast or wake; and I have found skilled step-dancing by men in a Cornish village, the best among them a young man. In all these places it is unrevived—a real folk-custom. If I, without much research, know these instances, there are probably many others; but one is not likely to see them unless one attends the indigenous festivities, well-dressings, wakes, and fairs. These are not likely to die out, but there is a real danger that they may be stamped out. A short time ago (I think during the coal strike) a band of apparently young men from the Tyneside was dancing at the Palladium—exceedingly well; but, unfortunately, the management thought fit to drown the rhythmic beat of their feet, as important as the click of castanets to the Spaniard, in the blare of a heavy orchestra. So the case for dancing is not quite so hopeless as has been represented. Also, I collected last year, in a colliery district, from boys whose ages ranged from eleven to thirteen, a singularly complete mumming play—the foundation of all our pantomimes. So the younger generation has not forgotten everything.—Yours, &c.,

X. Y.

[We are obliged to hold over several letters.—ED., THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM.]

## The Week in the City.

(BY OUR CITY EDITOR.)

THURSDAY.

THE Balfour Note is a document of such profound importance—presumably compiled with great deliberation—that City authorities, pending the most careful examination from every angle, are somewhat guarded in criticism. But there can be no doubt whatever that, to responsible financial circles, the Note was a surprise. Intelligent anticipation of its contents, coupled with M. Poincaré's Note to Berlin, was sufficient to set the exchanges in a fever again, the German mark taking another plunge and dragging Allied currencies with it. The raising of the German Bank Rate—the first increase since 1914—was not able, as some people appear strangely to have hoped, to check the mark demoralization. Now, the Balfour Note is taken to mean that a sane Reparations settlement is indefinitely postponed. Apparently one can now only look forward to an indefinitely prolonged period of exchange demoralization, with all its trail of consequences. It is not, however, to be overlooked that the later part of the Note still leaves it open to Great Britain to offer a very considerable measure of remission in return for a sane reparations policy. The importance of this, in the view of some City authorities, transcends that of the whole of the rest of the Note. Financial opinion does not want unnecessary sacrifices; but it does want a sane reparations settlement, and sighs for a policy that may lead to stability.

#### THE GRAND TRUNK'S LIAS HOPE.

As all but incurable optimists expected, the Privy Council has dismissed the appeal of the Grand Trunk, and has upheld the majority finding of the Canadian tribunal which accorded no value to £37 millions' worth of stock. That holders of the junior stocks should feel disgust at the loss of their money is natural, but their grievance against the Canadian Government rests on very much disputed grounds. Canadian public opinion holds that the only people against whom the stockholders have a grievance is their own management. However that may be, I should not advise any stockholder to look, as some apparently do, for compensation money as an act of clemency from the Canadian Government. This last hope is, I fear, altogether a delusion, if the estimate of Canadian political and financial circumstances which reaches me from trustworthy correspondents may be relied upon. Any such act of clemency would, I gather, be regarded by the Canadian taxpayer as an act of injustice to himself. I am afraid stockholders will have to grin and bear their most distressing experience.

#### POINTS OF THE WEEK.

The feature of the national accounts for the week ending July 29th was the sale of over £10 millions of 4½ per cent. Treasury Bonds. Revenue exceeded expenditure again—this time by £3 millions—and the floating debt was reduced again by over £13 millions, the amount of Treasury Bills outstanding being cut by £10½ millions, and advances by Public Departments being repaid to the net extent of nearly £2½ millions. Treasury Bonds, on their present terms, are proving so great an attraction that the introduction of a new 4 per cent. series is again freely rumored.

Watney, Combe, Reid & Co., the well-known brewery company, has produced a remarkable report. Trading profits have expanded largely, while expenses have fallen. Net profits at £614,000 are well over twice those of the previous year; the deferred dividend is raised from 24 per cent. to 32 per cent., and a share per share bonus, through the capitalization of reserves, is in contemplation. The report encouraged the brewery share market generally, but it is likely to provide powder and shot for those who are agitating for a reduction in the price of beer.

Rubber hopes have faded away since the recent flicker of optimism caused by the Dutch meeting. Shareholders who wish to study the statistical position of the industry can do so easily in a little monthly booklet, "The World's Rubber Position," of which the publishers, Messrs. W. H. Rickinson & Sons, have just sent me the latest issue.

L. J. R.



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## The World of Books.

In an essay—"Some Writers on English Country Life"—issued with others in the Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature ("Essays by Divers Hands," Edited by Dean Inge. Milford), Lord Crewe asks a terrifying question:—

"Is English country life . . . coming to an end? Is the structure of society so altering, through new conditions attached to the ownership and tenure of land, through fresh conceptions of agriculture as a business to be carried on rather for the benefit of the community than for the profit of the individual, through the institution of a system of forestry on purely scientific lines, and, speaking generally, through the imposition of a purely utilitarian color on rural life, that the milder amenities of the country will entirely disappear in company with many of its shortcomings, with the general result of turning England into a gigantic garden suburb, intersected by a network of admirable country roads, and furnished for hygienic reasons with a due number of artificial wildernesses, or nature reserves?"

And not tempting Providence by supplying an answer, he hopes rather than expects that "there will still be open downs to roam on, and winding lanes to get lost in." So, he says, let us speak of famous men, and call up the spirits of the past in their writings, where, "turning aside from this dusty world, the traveller may find refreshment and peace."

It is no sour reflection that there are dusty writers even about green fields. Lord Crewe, in a well-written, well-balanced and proportioned account, tells us we should read Evelyn's "Diary" "not less for the high-mindedness . . . than for the power of vivid description." Personally, I do not go to writers on the country for high-mindedness. I like Evelyn for a quality the very reverse—his complacency, which he ingeniously mingles with all the urbanity of cloistered old gardens:—

"Is there under heaven a more glorious and refreshing object of the kind, than an impregnable hedge of about four hundred feet in length, nine feet high, and five in diameter, which I can show in my own ruined garden at Say's Court (thanks to the Czar of Muscovy) at any time of the year, glittering with its armed and varnished leaves? The taller standards at orderly distance, blushing with their natural coral."

Evelyn purring as the natural man has a rich, nutty flavor in his style, but Evelyn high-minded sends us back to the streets. Walton (with whom Lord Crewe begins) is, of course, high-minded by nature, not by art; it is the chlorophyll of his literary meadows, absorbing the sunlight, and so charms us as a "green felicity." Among his writers, all of prose, and set out processionally, Lord Crewe mentions Washington Irving, who, under the pseudonym of Geoffrey Crayon, dedicated the "Sketch Book" to Scott. Now his idea is that English landscape is elevated not by the Mendips or the Cotswolds or the

Chilterns or the South Downs, but by moral feeling. Of the same unimpeachable category are William and Mary Howitt of "Rural Life in England," more or less contemporaries of Edward Jesse and Thomas Miller, who were legatees of Gilbert White, and whom Lord Crewe, a little strangely, does not mention. One feels there are good and true ways of humanizing the countryside, especially ours, which is largely man-made, both for better and for worse. But unless the treatment be naïve, the moralizings of these kindly folk arouse in us to-day only curiosity, and, rather than Nature reclined at the foot of the church-spire, the church-spire has gone back to Nature.

\* \* \*

So we have to pick and choose our refreshment, and that is no bad thing if you consider what a crowded cosmos fits into "Writers on English Country Life." Lord Crewe mentions Thomas Hardy alone among living writers, but if Cobbett, Addison, Arthur Young of those spirited "Tours," and others be included, and justly, we cannot have only a President of the Immortals. Hudson, the Hammonds, Prof. Thomson, Edward Step, Beach Thomas, Anthony Collett, G. G. Desmond, all in greater or less degree should go into the last pages of this gigantic album. Turn one page back, and I should miss something if I failed to find "A Son of the Marshes," who died in a workhouse; a little further back, and J. G. Wood; and still further, the Catholic squire, Charles Waterton. Acres of them there are, and no flower of literature, however small, like another, for the prose art of the country is as packed and stubborn a tradition of English letters as the art of the novel, and Lord Crewe, in his very choice of such a theme, is exempt from any criticism for omissions.

\* \* \*

SUCH an art will die, not from the rather contemptuous neglect in which it is held to-day, but if and when Lord Crewe's question is answered "in the affirmative." When the trees are allowed no elbow-room and grow up all leg, when Cobbett's "accursed, soul-degrading potato" has crept with its allotment chequer-boards from county to county, when the hedges are smooth as heroic couplets, when the countryside is like Sandringham and the birth-rate bounds again, then a national culture unique of its kind—as unique as Dean Inge's remark in the Introduction to this volume of essays, that "The Romans loved the country almost as much as we do"—will pass to extinction with the National Trust. That will be a pity, for this branch of literature is not, like others, overshadowed by its past. It is developing in new ways, and it is an odd thing which I have never seen pointed out that only since Richard Jefferies (if we except Dorothy Wordsworth's Journals—another omission!) have prose writers on country life begun to trespass upon the themes and spirit of pastoral poetry. Though so various and numerous, the old prose-writers are uniformly prosaic, making morality do for what we miss in them. To Arthur Young deep woods were just "horrors," and only in modern prose have they and their like become mysteries whose expression in form, color, and appearance is somehow part and parcel with the mystery of ourselves. We begin to look at the visible world from within; the past beheld it from without.

H. J. M.



## Short Studies.

### THE STONE-BREAKER.

THE blue-grey surface of the road is a bit of clean workmanship that gives delight. Running between the green uplands and the torn and jagged cliffs, it is all of a piece with the squareness of the three church towers, Forrabury, Tintagel, and Trevalga, that cap the heights. It brings into the picture man's addition to the great work of sun and wind and rain—his rectangular mind that loves planes and right angles; the mathematical quality, in fact, of his idea of order.

Under a hedge, on a ridge of stones, sits the stone-breaker, leaning well back on his pins as the aged do. It will take a big heave of heavy limbs to get him on his feet. He grips the hammer, his sleeve works up, the long, bony, hairy hands give a crack, and the stone splits. He is as deft at the job as a woman with her needle. It looks like a light tap—but just try to do the same. Hour after hour the tapping splits the stuff; the shadows change, the quarry-torn pile in front of him grows less, the neatly hewn bits—order again—spread. County Council piece-work it is, paid by length and height of the pile behind him. Last summer he sat round the corner, in the road that runs into this one. Before that he was nearer Bossiney, the place where once a friar tried in vain to make a fair fishing-haven. In his work the stone-breaker is like a dog on a leash. He serves the road whose surface gleams after a shower in steely curves up and down the miles into wind-swept Trevena.

He is in his seventy-fifth year, and reckons his life in long spells, looking back on the past like a seaman following his voyages on a chart. Farm-laboring mostly, though 'tis a matter of twelve years since he followed the plough. For ten years he drove a bread-cart to Boscastle.

"Yes, it's been a hard struggle. But, mind you, I've had one thing, and that's a good wife. More than forty years, aye, it's nearer fifty, we've been married. And never so much as words between us. Think of that, now."

He rocks himself a bit with queer rumblings of buried laughter that shake his old body.

"No, not so much as words between us! And we've had six sons. Yes, only six sons, and there's three daughters living. Ten chillern we christened, and one we buried. You'll judge 'twas a bit of a struggle when I tell you I was reared in the Union over to Launceston. Father died and left mother with four chillern, so she took two and put two to Union. But now they'm all squandered up and down the county, my chillern be. There's three sons to Boscastle and one to St. Austell, and I've a daughter married in St. Buryan parish—"

He belongs to the time, though not to the class, of those sires who now kneel on church brasses, facing an obedient wife, with rows of olive branches behind them to testify to the fruitfulness of their loins. His face has neither tanned nor weathered, but faded rather into ivory. Genial and kindly in expression, his eyes are now dimmed by age to the colour of the Atlantic when it grows darkling under a rain-cloud, or rather, perhaps, to the grey-green of the bays under curving cave-entrances. His glance meets yours squarely, for he is no yokel, but an upstanding man in body and mind. What good grain and milk must have gone to the making of his brawn and sinew; or rather, was it pork and tea? He speaks well, at any rate, for Launceston Union and its rearing. One wonders if they breed such men there nowadays. Six feet and more is he when he stands, and looks at you with the glance of a man who is a man. In the lines of his face, under the battered old hat, there is not a stroke that tells of meanness or cruelty. Yet all his days he has struggled with mean cares—looking at him one way, that is. Bravo! Launceston Workhouse, and the struggle to rear a brood of young ones.

"Yes, I'm glad enough to sit down in my chair when the work is done. But I wouldn't be without the work,

all the same. And I hope when the time comes for me to give it up, that the Lord'll see fit to take me."

It is a mere formula, that "taking" by the Lord, the well-worn formula, no longer even sanctimonious, of the old way of looking at life and death. In the same style the old woman at the corner cottage reckoned that to-morrow, "if the Lord spared her," she would polish the brasses on her chimney-piece. The Lord is thus brought down to mops and brooms as though St. Teresa had said once more, "God moves among the pots when they are used in service."

"Yes, I draw my pension," says the stone-breaker, "couldn't live without it, or upon it either, without my work, come to that, since the wife's but sixty-eight or so. And one pound a week for the two of us is just about what you can manage on. But when I live to give over, her'll be drawing pension. And then I trust the Lord'll take me. I do."

"To go—up?" one asks mischievously, with a nod at the sky. One would give a good deal to know what this old man makes of death, since we know what he has made of life. So, pointing to the sky, where the grey spring clouds pile themselves up against the blue, one tries to think oneself into the heaven of this old striver. Is it Little Bethel or the dignity of the Established Church that gives him his notion of man's fate? Or has he any such notion at all?

But one pierces no crust of silence. He gives a wandering glance at the sky as though to look at the weather, nods to himself and says:—"I live in a little house just under the church. And main glad I be to sit down by the fire there of an evening—"

From "just under the church" to the graves in the churchyard it is but a little step. And, thank God, it's all homely sleep there, whether in a little house or a little grave cut in the rock; very homely when one is old and has always been very simple—and trusting.

There is in the parish an even older man, aged eighty-one, who, not always simple perhaps, has attained to simplicity. He preached in one of the churches on Easter Day, with a wild gale sweeping against the windows and shaking the heavy ancient door till it rattled. It was another beautiful aged face of worn ivory that was turned to the congregation of farmers—for the laborers go to chapel, of course. Evidently a man of intellect—years ago he was a Senior Wrangler—he talked of the spiritual body that we build, perhaps, for our future dwelling-place; the strangely glorious body that is already ours, perhaps, as we work upwards, freeing ourselves "from the brute."

It was, that phrase, just the one jarring note, for there lurked in it a touch of contempt. One could not forget that "the brute," in the form of the parson's faithful servant, stood outside the church all the long service through, from eleven till nearly one o'clock. The servant was an old, old donkey, harnessed to a shabby wheel-chair, and left tethered to the hedge in the teeth of wind and rain, his patient head down-bent to the gale. A mackintosh sheltered the wheel-chair, but none was spared for the brute.

Very old and poor, that parson—there was a sorrowful appeal in the pews from the churchwardens to make the Easter Offering a generous one—and very near the end; he spoke from his heart and simply, as parsons seldom speak, of the changed body that Jesus wore on the morning after the stone was rolled away from the empty sepulchre. The old face, graven deep with age and struggle, was very wistful as he spoke of the glorious human dream. Out of the depths indeed his words seemed to come. For he had passed on his way into church his wife's grave. He spoke, not as though he could see, for he was tired and dull of vision, but as though he could slip his hand into another hand—and trust. It was very like the old stone-breaker's "little house under the church." It was all quite homely; not a disembodied spirit, said the parson firmly, but a quite recognizable "body," changed, yet not changed, though glorious. Recognizable, as like the human body.

Well, well, so be it! He had taken the service with many pauses, being lost, as it were, to the senses again and again.

The last we saw of him was at night: the ancient donkey-carriage was struggling up hill in the teeth of wind and rain, an old man's worn-out body crouched in the chair, with a daughter leading "the brute" up and up the stony road. The sweeping rain hid them all from sight.

But, the day's work over, the parson would be glad, like the stone-breaker, to sit in his chair by the fire. And for the donkey, perhaps, there'd be a handful of hay. For there is no Creed to promise him a glorious body.

M. P. WILLCOCKS.

## Reviews.

### PHILOSOPHIC IDEALISM AT BAY.

**The New Idealism.** By MAY SINCLAIR. (Macmillan. 14s.

MISS SINCLAIR is one of the few writers who pursue philosophy extra-professionally, from sheer love of the subject. Such writers serve a most useful purpose, and it is much to be wished that they were more numerous. One cannot wholly sympathize with the animus of Socrates against the sophists, who were merely people who taught philosophy for money; but it is certainly curious that those who instruct the young to admire Socrates on this point are all "sophists" according to the definition. Miss Sinclair belongs to a different tradition—the tradition of Descartes, Spinoza, Locke, Berkeley, and Hume—of those who pursue philosophy in the time they can spare from their regular avocations. Such writers have a certain quality of freshness and lively interest which is difficult to preserve when teaching and examinations fill a large part of the working day. This quality exists in Miss Sinclair's philosophical writing, and gives it a value not dependent upon its claim as an actual contribution to the corpus of philosophy.

"The New Idealism" is concerned to defend the primacy of mind, and its essential contribution to the objects of knowledge, against the attacks of the so-called "new realists," especially Alexander, Whitehead, and Broad. The defence is somewhat marred by the fact that the various writers who may be roughly called "realists" are treated too much as if they were all one. They differ widely *inter se*, and their merits are diverse. Some are good on one point; some another; by criticizing each where he is weakest, a case may be made out which would fail if each were taken as contributing only his best to a whole which is not yet complete. Not that Miss Sinclair shows any unfair spirit; on the contrary, she does the fullest justice to the authors whom she examines. But she seems not to realize what is the distinctive characteristic of the school, in so far as there can be said to be a school. The distinctive characteristic is not any metaphysical tenet, such as realism; a man might quite well be an idealist in metaphysics and yet belong to the school and be in vital disagreement with Miss Sinclair. What is distinctive of the school is a method—a method which its adherents regard as simply that of science, applied to material which has hitherto been treated in quite a different way. It may be worth while to explain briefly what the difference is.

To begin with, science takes its problems one by one; it has its moments of synthesis, of which the general theory of relativity (particularly as extended by Weyl) is a brilliant example, but all its syntheses result from the combination of separate solutions of separate problems. Modern realists believe that this method can be applied to what has hitherto been philosophy; they believe, that is to say, that problems can be attacked singly, and that it is not necessary, as a preliminary, to have a complete theory of the universe. Thus Dr. Whitehead, for example, in his two books on *Nature*, deliberately abstains from dealing with problems involving mind. It appears from incidental remarks that his metaphysic is roughly that of Bergson, but this does not affect the validity of his physical constructions. The piecemeal and tentative character which belongs to scientific hypotheses is the first characteristic of the work of the new school.

A second characteristic is a belief that, when a problem hitherto assigned to philosophy is soluble at all, it is soluble

by patience and minute care, rather than by heroic methods such as philosophers are prone to employ. Kant, on the basis of his antinomies, pronounced space and time to be merely subjective. The "new realist" examines the antinomies in detail, and pronounces them fallacious. This proves, not that Kant's conclusion was false, but only that the reasons he gave for it were inadequate. The philosophers with whom Miss Sinclair is disagreeing hold that all the ordinary stock notions of traditional philosophy—cause, matter, mind, space, time, knowledge, will, &c.—are hopelessly vague, and must be replaced by quite different notions before it is possible to say anything either true or false in any precise sense. Almost all the questions of conventional philosophy are like the question in debate between Galileo and the Inquisition—they would never be asked by a man who understood the subject-matter, because they would be seen to be meaningless. How can a man, for example, take sides on the question of idealism *versus* materialism, when he holds that mind and matter are equally muddle-headed notions, and that nothing real can possibly be either mental or material?

A third characteristic of the new school is a certain technique—the technique of analysis followed by mathematical logic. To illustrate the point we may first quote two sentences from Miss Sinclair:—

"To begin with Identity, Diversity, and Existence. These categories are, I think, obviously deducible from, or reducible to, the concept of self-hood, which has nothing to do with occupying or not occupying one point-instant in Space-Time." (P. 233.)

This illustrates what may be called the heroic method. Because identity, diversity, and existence present certain problems, traditional philosophy seeks the solution of these problems, not in logic, where they belong, but in metaphysics—in the properties of the Self or of Space-Time. The new realist would regard Self and Space-Time as equally irrelevant, and would set about the matter quite differently. "Existence," he would say, has been defined in "*Principia Mathematica*," and has been shown to be only significant when applied to descriptions, not to proper names. The difficulties connected with it are difficulties resulting from bad symbolism, and are solved by a correct symbolism—solved so radically that everything hitherto said by philosophy on the subject is seen to be meaningless rubbish. The difficulties connected with identity and diversity are not solved in the above-mentioned work, though they ought to have been; they also are connected with symbolism, and, in fact, with the very same point of the connection between descriptions and proper names. Such solutions are uninteresting as compared with those of traditional philosophy. Similarly, Galileo's theory of falling bodies was uninteresting as compared to the theory that there is a greedy demon at the centre of the earth who desires to possess the whole universe. But Galileo's theory was the beginning of exact science.

Unfortunately, the new technique requires familiarity with mathematical symbols, which is not possessed by most philosophers. Consequently, philosophical writers do not understand what has been done, and do not know that they do not understand it. Miss Sinclair, for example, maintains that space-time must be continuous, and that the difficulties of continuity have not been solved by Cantor and Dedekind. No person having the necessary knowledge would agree with either of these statements. Modern physics suggests that there is *some* reason to regard space-time as discrete; modern mathematics shows that there is no logical difficulty either in discreteness or in continuity. These are matters about which there is agreement among competent people; it is a pity that philosophy has been so taught as to conceal from non-mathematical philosophers that on such points they are not competent. Much of what Miss Sinclair says about Dr. Whitehead rests upon sheer misunderstanding; but for this she is hardly to be blamed, as his books are exceedingly difficult. Moreover, she prudently confesses that this is very likely to be the case.

The fundamental divergence is illustrated by her statement:—

"We can no longer doubt (if, indeed, it was ever doubtful) that the worst problems in philosophy arise from our fatal habit of abstracting."



The school whom she is criticizing would say that it is our fatal habit of *not* abstracting that does the harm.

Apart from criticisms of the "new realists," Miss Sinclair's positive doctrine rests upon a distinction between what she calls primary and secondary consciousness. Primary consciousness consists of all that does not imply reflection, while secondary consciousness consists of the reflective or self-conscious parts of the mind. The nearest approach to a definition of "consciousness" is the following:—

"Consciousness may be a state and not an act. I might define it as the presence of any content within the mind, leaving unstated the nature of the content and the possible existence of any corresponding object 'outside.'" (P. 279.)

But we are not told what is meant by "the mind," or by being "within" the mind, so that we are left in doubt as to what is meant by saying that mind is necessary to its objects. Certain passages suggest that the difference between Miss Sinclair and some of the realists might turn out to be partly verbal, and to depend upon a difference as to the definition of the word "mind." Her emphasis upon will as the creative force in the world is, however, something which few realists could accept.

Although the above review is mainly critical, the present reviewer considers that the book is one of the best defences of idealism that have appeared in recent years. It shows admirable patience in mastering books with which the author does not agree, and does complete justice to their merits. Particularly, the well-deserved tribute to Professor Alexander shows a generous appreciation which is not as common in philosophy as it ought to be.

BERTRAND RUSSELL.

#### THE THEATRE OF YOUTH.

**Guilty Souls.** By ROBERT NICHOLS. (Chatto & Windus. 7s.)

**The Ship.** By ST. JOHN ERVINE. (Allen & Unwin. 3s. 6d.)

**Plays.** Volume I. By EUGENE O'NEILL. (Cape. 7s. 6d.)

THERE are several kinds of plays: plays with prefaces, plays without prefaces; plays which should have prefaces but have not, and others which have not but should have; there are plays with the wrong preface and plays with the right preface—and they, alas! are too often wrong plays. Is there any doubt, however, that the best play needs no preface—will not suffer it? Ibsen, the greatest of modern dramatists, leaves us, his readers, to write preface, explanations, epilogues, comment, appendices, and what not: he disdains explaining the characters whom he has presented, full-grown and living, out of their sombre pasts. Mr. Nichols, who owes something to Ibsen, something to Tchekov, and most perhaps to Strindberg and Andreieff, prints a long preface, which he does not want you to read until you have read his play. If you postpone it to then you will be rather vexed at reading it at all. The play, in spite of obvious faults and crudities, is a noble, passionate piece of writing, full of ardor, generosity, and beauty; the preface is violent and vehement, but it seems ill-tempered and petty. Much of it consists of the old attack on age, the attack now blessed by Barrie. We are a little tired of this embittered contrast. Not all young men are generous, nor all old men stupid and bloodthirsty. There are conventionalists in the cradle, and there is a freedom as much proclaimed by the old and the elderly as by youth. Some of the noblest protests for righteousness during the war were made by the older men, the Genro, as Mr. Nichols calls them, borrowing a word from Japan; and are there among the young men of to-day any more sincere or effective advocates of freedom and truth than—to take a very mixed choice—Mr. Bertrand Russell, Mr. Bernard Shaw, Mr. H. G. Wells, and Dr. Charles Gore? They have disciples and successors, but no rivals. Let us leave Mr. Nichols's preface alone and come to his play.

"Guilty Souls" is a drama of conscience. It is a great relief to find one of our younger authors willing to admit, or, rather, anxious to insist, that a man who does wrong can be haunted by a bad conscience: "I wish to stir you," says Mr. Nichols, "with a crooked soul's attempted escape from God." Bentley, a lawyer, steals certain funds left in his charge, and allows his friend

and partner to be arrested, condemned, and imprisoned for his crime. In the first act, which he ought to have cut out altogether, Mr. Nichols shows us Bentley plotting his own dishonor. The rest of the play is his effort to "escape from God." The play is a poet's play; although the surroundings are commonplace and the people ordinary, Mr. Nichols writes with an exaltation which takes his drama out of the range of the ordinary realistic theatre. He has not controlled his exaltation as Ibsen did; too often there is the same note of spiritual hysteria which we mark in Strindberg or Andreieff, that sensation of irresponsibility of character which always threatens to destroy drama because it substitutes for the clash of wills the mere clash of temperament, a warfare which is fit only for farce or comedy, not for tragedy. On the whole, however, the second and fourth acts are very successful in the way in which they render the struggle between Bentley and his wife, and between his wife and Lois Forster, his step-niece. Clara Bentley, with her narrow, intense affection, her worldliness and sense, cannot sympathize with Oswald's useless remorse for a crime long past, nor with his efforts to convert remorse into effective repentance. Lois, a beautifully drawn character, sympathizes and encourages Bentley, whose final victory is dramatic and definite. Some of the best scenes in the play are those between Bentley and Vyson, who, changed by prison and believed to be dead, takes service in his enemy's house. The dismissal of Vyson by Bentley after he has written his confession will show something of Mr. Nichols's power:—

BENTLEY: "Go, then. You will not escape. God is upon your heels; you will never shake Him off any more than you can shake off your shadow. All the earth lies before you. Wander it as you will. Find rest if you can. Soon will God teach you there is no rest anywhere for the soul save in His bosom."

Mr. Ervine's play, too, is concerned with the conflict of youth and age; and we have rarely met a better-balanced statement of the struggle between a father and son. There is a certain lack of imaginative passion in "The Ship"; and only in the portrait of old Mrs. Thurlow does Mr. Ervine allow his humor much play; but, on the whole, "The Ship" is a most unusually competent example of the drama as it was perfected by Ibsen. John Thurlow is a shipbuilder; his son has come out of the war, convinced that what is wrong with the world is its slavery to machinery, its divorce from the simplicities of natural life. He will not keep on with his father; and old Mrs. Thurlow, who has helped her son to be a shipbuilder instead of a minister, helps her grandson to be a farmer instead of a shipbuilder. The second act introduces Captain Cornelius, Jack's partner on the farm; and he is an amazingly poignant and bitter sketch of a certain post-war temperament:—

CORNELIUS: "Mind you, Mr. Thurlow, I don't advocate soft jobs for everybody. No! Only for people who went to the war—that's all! You see, we chaps had our experience of life crowded into less time than most people. See? It took you about twenty-five years to learn what we had to learn in four years."

JOHN: "When I look at you two young men I wonder to myself what's to become of this world. (To CORNELIUS) You care for nothing but what you call a good time. Easy eating, easy drinking, easy everything, and no responsibility."

CORNELIUS (as if considering this statement): "Yes. I think that's a very fair statement of what I want."

JOHN: "Your flippancy, Captain Cornelius, may amuse fools, but it won't carry you very far."

CORNELIUS: "Mr. Thurlow, will you believe that I'm perfectly serious when I say I don't care where it carries me? Do you think I haven't thought about life just as much as you and Jack here? (With a sudden and startling burst of passion) My God, man, don't you realize what men like me have been through? . . ."

Many of us find it difficult to answer Cornelius. John Thurlow can only try and take advantage of his weakness and drunkenness to bribe him to let his son down; but in the end John Thurlow wins through his own weakness, not through another's. He is too ill to go on the trial trip of his great new steamer. Jack at the last moment takes his place, and goes down with the ship, lost on her first voyage. So Mr. Ervine gives the victory to the anti-mechanical enthusiasts. It is a fine ending to a poised and reserved piece of work.

Mr. Eugene O'Neill is the most promising of American dramatists. He is original, capable both of fancy and



imagination, and writes with an effortless competence which makes one suspect great reserves. His volume contains three plays—one, "The Emperor Jones," a masterpiece. "The Straw" and "Diff'rent" are not very good introductions to Mr. O'Neill's peculiar qualities; we could have spared both of them, especially "The Straw," for some of those one-act pieces which form the volume "In the Zone." "The Straw" is a love story, its theme tuberculosis and family indifference or cruelty. There is nothing in it, except the style, which is free from sentimentality, to show that Mr. O'Neill is more than a workmanlike dramatist. "Diff'rent" is a "strong" play. Its subject is sex starvation; and Mr. O'Neill never succeeds in making us believe he is at home in the peculiarly morbid atmosphere he produces. There is just a suspicion of the deliberately horrid, of the Grand Guignol, about "Diff'rent"; and unless that is sincere, unless the morbidity is, as it was in Poe, part of an artist's essential being, the horrible is always a little close to the ludicrous. And in "Diff'rent," where the last scene introduces so petty a character as the loathsome Benny, it is very difficult to keep the proper note of tragedy.

That note is never once missed in "The Emperor Jones." The literature of the negro is growing, but it will be a long time before it has any other addition so remarkable as this haunting, eerie play. It is as if Maeterlinck had written Grant Allen's "Reverend Mr. Creedy." Jones, a negro, has made himself master of "an island in the West Indies not yet self-determined by white mariners." The play opens with a threat of rebellion, and consists of nothing but the Emperor's efforts to escape from the snares laid by Lem, a native chief, and his soldiers. We see Jones arrogant, ready intellectually, yet superstitious and timid—beating down, by sheer force of character and will, Smithers, the Cockney trader, and then gradually yielding to the sounds and smells of the forest, to the sigh of the island trees, and the uneasy discomfort of the wind. Jones has been a railwayman. He has murdered a fellow-servant, and as he escapes he is haunted by his old partner's ghost. All his past conspires to trip and catch him and throw him back on Lem's guards. Desperately he turns to religion:—

"Lawd Jesus, heah my prayer! I'se a po' sinner, a po' sinner! I knows I done wrong—I knows it! When I catches Jeff cheatin' wid loaded dice my anger overcomes me, and I kills him dead! Lawd, I done wrong! When dat guard hits me with the whip my anger overcomes me, and I kills him dead! Lawd, I done wrong! And down heah, when dese fool bush niggers raises me up to the seats of the mighty, I steals all I could grab. Lawd, I done wrong! I knows it! I'se sorry! Forgive me, Lawd! Forgive this po' sinner! And keep dem away, Lawd! Keep dem away from me! And stop dat drum soundin' in my ears! Dat begin to sound ha'nted, too."

But the drum goes on, beaten by Lem and his confederates, and Jones wanders in a circle in the forest, comes back where the enemy are waiting for him, and is shot by the silver bullet he fears. In its remarkable success in evoking the passion of fear, the terror of things unseen, unknown, and scarcely believed in, there has been nothing like "The Emperor Jones" since Maeterlinck wrote "Tintagiles."

#### WILLIAM DE MORGAN.

William de Morgan and his Wife. By A. M. W. STIRLING. (Thornton Butterworth, 25s.)

MRS. STIRLING has had such ample training and experience in biography, and so unique an opportunity in portraiture as the sister of Evelyn de Morgan, that her present study makes a rather forlorn impression upon her reader. Most of the great artists of fifty years ago seemed to have as many lives as a cat; what they gave out in sheer vitality and versatility of production, the breadth and scope of the landscapes they filled, were a rare qualification for a tenth life, which depends less upon inherent genius than richness of background—the life of biography. And William de Morgan was a perfect godsend for the genial art. Possibly the secret of his wonderful power of transporting a whole world—that of the 'sixties and 'seventies of last century—into this one as freshly and vividly as though it were this

one, is less observation or an extraordinary retentiveness of memory, which reminds us of Mr. Hudson's "Far Away and Long Ago," than a remarkably capacious, receptive, and equable nature. He was like a vast old barn full of sunlight, with oddly shaped windows that give it a pitiful, semi-ironical smile a mile off, strong in endurance and serenity, and crowded with the products and oddments of the entire countryside about it. He was an intimate friend and working associate of the Pre-Raphaelites, and in a way the greatest specialist in craftsmanship of them all, since his ceramics have really no close English rival; he knew everybody; he was always having adventures, due as much to temperament as circumstance; he was as busy as even one of the great Victorians could be; he lived to a great age and began a totally new life of creation in his sixty-eighth year; he married one of the most gifted women of the age, and had a singularly sweet and engaging personality.

His biographer might well plead that her prime difficulty was an embarrassment of riches. The more necessary, then, was an attempt to give form, coherence, and stability to a many-sided material. It is a queer argument of one criticism of her book that it is "just the casual, rambling story that harmonizes with the associations of its subject," for de Morgan's life was so full of variety and intensity that we tend to lose sight of the whole in its profusion of parts. This disorderly impression is in no way corrected by Mrs. Stirling's book, which is simply de Morgan in the rough.

With Evelyn de Morgan her method or lack of it is still more disconcerting. Mrs. Stirling leads off her account as follows:—

"In studying the psychology of a child, and striving to trace the source of its ultimate development, one inevitably seeks the clue in its first halting attempts at self-expression. For as the greater events of Life hinge on trivialities, so the growth of mentality seems equally a sequence of Chance—a perplexing tangle of Cause and Effect—in which heredity and environment are eternally dominating some erratic hazard of the die."

It is not exactly a taking way of beginning a chapter, but it does promise a serious and consecutive effort to unravel Evelyn. And the account of her early devotion to painting; of her heroic struggle against parents who regarded the arts as a polite accomplishment of young ladies, and any other view as subversive of civilized standards; and of the fineness and metal of her spirit is the best thing in the book. So much for Evelyn Pickering: but what of Evelyn de Morgan, her heir? The truth is there is no such person in Mrs. Stirling's book; her marriage-bed is her bier; she loses her life with her name, and the proper title of the book would have been "William de Morgan and Evelyn Pickering." What we get, instead of a portrait of a highly sensitive girl who became, through love, a splendid woman, is a series of full-length descriptions of her allegorical pictures, outmoded to-day because, fruit of a rare and delicate spirit as they are, they were part of a fashion of yesterday.

The author's tendency to mix the trivial with the significant, to manage her effects of light and shade indiscriminately, gives in one respect a wrong impression of de Morgan's quality. One could well read here his failure to make a success of his pottery and lustre-work as due to a "delightfully artistic" incompetence. But the truly astonishing thing is that he kept his factory alive for so many years, in spite of absence, ill-health, lack of capital, and the want of intelligent appreciation of a good thing by the business world. One must not take too seriously his own humorous self-deprecations, as when he sends instructions for pricing pots from Florence: "Re price of pots. . . Multiply the height in inches by the largest diameter in centimetres and divide by the number of hours employed. Multiply this result by the logarithm of the number of shillings per week, and it will give the price of the pot in halfpence"; and in his punning (like Charles Lamb and his own father, the mathematician, he was a most abandoned punster) description of the failure of the Merton factory—once his and William Morris's "fictionary." De Morgan was not only a craftsman of the most fertile and bizarre imagination, but a tremendous and highly conscientious worker, a skilled engineer, a born manager of men, and a great scientific inventor of processes. He failed in the end (after his doctor made a notable addition to the list of medical blunders by pronouncing a mere sprain tuberculosis and making him spend all his winters in Florence) simply because he implicitly fought a whole indus-

trial system by his absorption in the goodness of the thing made rather than in the good thing he made out of it. And, like Nature, he wasted nothing, unconsciously storing for the immense canvases of his literary old age his experiences of London life and of his workmen, his Cockney letters with Burne-Jones, and a thousand minutiae which were so far from being unconsidered trifles. "The Old Man's Youth" is a wrong title. Age for him was but youth seen in the wisdom, pathos, and humor of a larger perspective.

#### A FANTASIA AND TWO NOVELS.

**Mr. Ambrose.** By C. E. LAWRENCE. (O'Connor. 6s.)

**The Holy Tree.** By GERALD O'DONOVAN. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.)

**Life.** By JOHAN BOJER. Translated from the Norwegian by JESSIE MUIR. (Gyldendal. 7s. 6d.)

ANGELIC visitors are not so rare in the world of fiction as they are in that of actual life; still they are rare, and I can remember only three—the angel in Mr. Wells's "Wonderful Visit," Satan in Mark Twain's "Mysterious Stranger," and now Mr. Ambrose, the hero of Mr. Lawrence's fantastic story. Of these novels with angel heroes, one, "The Mysterious Stranger," was, I think, whatever its faults, a work of genius. It was impressive, imaginative, and passionately sincere; but we can hardly claim such high qualities for the stories of either Mr. Wells or Mr. Lawrence; these are not among their authors' more serious works. The exploits of Mr. Ambrose may amuse us (particularly his little affairs with the police), but they are certainly not impressive, and they have, it seems to me, been invented rather than imagined. After that very fine story "The Iron Bell," "Mr. Ambrose" is disappointing. Mr. Lawrence might urge that no comparison can be made between the two books, and of course, in his new story, he is doing a quite different kind of thing. But the point is that he is not doing it so well. In "The Iron Bell" he struck no false notes; in "Mr. Ambrose" he strikes several. "The Iron Bell" was very quiet, very grey, very simple; the new book is lively and facetious, a book with a message—a message that leaves us sceptical.

Gabriel Ambrose is the name by which the angel introduces himself to Mr. Coulten, a good-natured publisher who lives at Clapham. He proposes himself as a guest, a non-paying guest, and after very brief demur the Coulten's accept him. The two daughters have fallen in love with him almost at first sight; but, though the angel plays tennis with them, and clock-golf with their father, it is not for any purpose of dalliance with the Coulten girls that he has visited our earth; he has come on a serious mission, he has come to reform society. His methods are more ingenuous than promising. He blasts the altars of churches, so arousing the interest of the police; he preaches a vague doctrine of "love," which does not arouse anybody except the Bishop of Poncester. Love is the sole remedy for the evils Mr. Ambrose sees around him; love is a panacea; but the love he actually awakens, in Nancy and Doris Coulten, is of a kind familiar enough even to terrestrial beings. There might have been an irony in this, but Mr. Lawrence, yielding probably to the demands of his readers, prefers sentiment. A misty night, a garden, an angel waiting for her there—what wonder that the last note sounded in the book is a little burst of very terrestrial joy?

"'Gabriel!' she said, and offered her hands.

"'Nancy!' he answered, softly."

And he promises her "the undying love of an immortal."

"We shall be linked through the aeons in a living union when this earth is a shadow, and the stars that shine beyond encompassing clouds are blown out; and other stars, yet unforged on the anvils of Time, are brilliant in their places. Still will our love persist, vivid, immutable, triumphant. . . . The ages will come and go, passing down the corridors of silence, and still—still our love will abide and shine, infinite—"

"'Gabriel!' she broke in with enthusiasm, her eyes were stars in the mist. 'What a lovely long time that will be!'"

In "The Holy Tree," Mr. O'Donovan has attempted a difficult task. This village tragedy is seen entirely through the medium of the heroine's mind. Ann Logan, to save her family from ruin, marries a decent though close-fisted

farmer, and four years later falls in love with another man. The story is not new (what story is?), and the life-boat business at the end, and the final solution, strike one as particularly familiar; but it is through his people that Mr. O'Donovan seeks to hold us, and these are fundamentally true. There is power and unconventionality in the book, also a good deal of technical skill; though it was a mistake to echo the scene of Aunt Peggy's confession by the confession of the mother. A still greater mistake, perhaps, was the carrying of the Anglo-Irish idiom into the narrative proper. Mr. O'Donovan would have done better to have reserved this for his dialogue. He has not the sense of style that can give it color and variety, the construction of his sentences drops mechanically into one or other of two or three forms, and as he pounds away at these remorselessly—through 300 pages—the effect at last becomes desolating in its monotony.

Johan Bojer's "Life" is also a love-story with a tragic ending. It is a rather strange tale, filled with the brightness and gaiety of youth, till an unexpected catastrophe suddenly blots out everything. It is even strange that we should believe in this catastrophe; but, though we may feel it to be arbitrary, and tell ourselves it is incredible, we somehow do believe in it. This is what happens. Astrid Riis, a delightful girl, is passionately in love with the son of her father's enemy. And with this passion coloring her waking and dreaming thoughts, she gives herself, one August evening, to Jørgen Hulth, an unsuccessful, elderly schoolmaster, who was once her own teacher. Next morning she breaks with Hulth for ever, and a little later, knowing she is to bear Hulth's child, she marries the man she loves, but drowns herself before the child is born. The tragedy, you see, is not inevitable. There is no reason, except that Johan Bojer willed it thus, why Astrid should have yielded to Hulth. Indeed, in order to do so, she has first to hypnotize herself into a kind of dream that he is the man she loves. The scene itself is dreamlike; we watch it through a veil, which is what saves it for us, and saves Astrid too. For, through some appeal it makes to the imagination, we begin to see it as a symbol. Astrid's fate, which repeats exactly that of her mother, is the symbol of the blind and stupid chance that rules human life, the wetting sponge that spoils the picture. And yet behind this gloomy fatalism there glimmers another symbol, that of the wild bird, the eagle floating free and strong, high above the waters of the lake where the drowned woman lies. And it is this imaginative background that gives the book reality. Against it, the rapid, eager life of all these young, gay people seems to whirl rhythmically and lightly, like the dance of gnats against a sunset. And the secret visits of Astrid's disreputable brother to the house, and the brooding of her father—the old captain—over his wrongs and his revenge, lend a further richness to the picture. The title of the book, we feel, has been justified: it is life.

FOREST REID.

#### CRICKETERS ALL.

**The Art of Cricket.** By W. W. ARMSTRONG. (Methuen. 6s.)  
**A Cricketer's Book.** By NEVILLE CARDUS. (Grant Richards. 6s.)

IN these two sizeable volumes the young men who play cricket and the other young men who have never missed "that particular match" since 1870 will find Business on the one hand and Pleasure on the other. Mr. Armstrong is the source of Business. He (and who should if he should not?) tells us what to do and what not to do. The awkward squad could not but stop shuffling and listen with apparent absorption to these words of wisdom. In the gravity of their public diffusion lies, sometimes, adequate invitation to a smile:—

"It is unnecessary for a wicket-keeper to glare at a man who returns the ball badly; not only is the man already aware of his error, but the captain also knows where the fault lies. Fieldsmen should save the wicket-keeper as much as possible, and refrain from hurling the ball at him when the batsmen are safely within their crease. In the event of anyone making an Aunt Sally of the wicket-keeper the captain of the side should at once remonstrate."

But our attention is not diverted from the precepts which this master of the game has deduced. If the smile changed



to a laugh somewhere in the rear rank, one can almost hear the reproof of the instructor: "Stop that laughing—you; you're on parade!"

Mr. Armstrong's manual is one for the good of cricket and of every cricketer. It may increase one's average—one's batting average. It assuredly will, if the flesh is not too weak for the willing spirit. Perhaps the devourer of English Test Match sides has still one or two secrets which, if he ever returns to the game, will again carry him over all the entanglements. We accept and rejoice in all his revelations, but we have a feeling that he is, in the old phrase, hiding something from us. Of his tour as a whole, he speaks with admiration and with natural reserve: in his pointing out the anxiety of playing thirty-eight games on a full strength of fifteen players, we see the precise splendor of his victories.

Meanwhile, Mr. Cardus has been proceeding with his essays, which, after Mr. Armstrong's cautious periods, present themselves with the dazzle and lightness of the dance. The pen is mightier than the bat—after the drawing of stumps. But not every pen. Our tribute is applied for the moment to Mr. Cardus. He is fond of describing cricketers in terms of authors. Thus, Spooner is, in his pages, the Herrick of batsmen: Collins, more doubtfully, the Martin Tupper. We must turn the tables on Mr. Cardus. We should style him somewhat of the Ranji among writers on the game. Where others at best glow with steady ability, he sparkles with an enviable brilliance. Where others would have little to say, he delights us with eloquence:—

"Into the batting of Macartney the modern spirit of unrest entered. He chafed at the limits which a chiselled perfection like Bardsley's puts upon batsmanship. For him an innings was always a great adventure. Bardsley's cricket might have moved to the serene and contented rhythm of the music which is known as Handel's Largo, but Macartney's called for wild and whirling music, some impudent Scherzo, and Dukas's 'L'Apprenti Sorcier' would have done. The writer, indeed, rarely saw Macartney bat without thinking of Dukas's mad masterpiece."

That is the beauty of it; the secret of Mr. Cardus's eminence in this literature—the rich spirit in which he comes to the game. He is an acute observer who, to our good luck, possesses a cornucopia of expressive wealth.

We never yet liked putting any cricket book on the shelf next to Nyren, but Mr. Cardus has earned the exception. It is nothing amiss in Mr. Maclaren, who contributes an introduction—his gratitude to Mr. Cardus for being "the only accredited journalist" who attended the ominous first day of the miraculous Eastbourne match last year finds expression there—it is, indeed, admirably right in him to say:—

"When one reads him in the armchair one is transported to the ground and sees the game again in actual progress."

Mr. Cardus can revive the past. His Johnny Briggs is still "tossing his audacious ball to George Ulyett," the old dispersed crowd assembled again still roars and chuckles over the sequel in the long field where Albert Ward catches that ball—and, what is more, he sees the other side of the Merry-Andrew Briggs, sitting pale with the strain of that ball, in the pavilion afterwards. One sees, at his bidding, the game, one is there with all its familiar circumstances; the vendor of "Lime Juice or Acid Tablets," the publicist with the edition officially not yet out, the cries of "'Uge Score by 'Ants" and "Collapse o' Notts," the old clergyman who so beautifully requests the loan of the score-card—all these, and the Olympians who fulfil our wildest dreams of lay on, glide, place, catch, stump, and bowl out there "in the middle."

## Books in Brief.

**Our Homeland Prehistoric Antiquities: and How to Study Them.** By W. G. CLARKE, F.G.S. (Homeland Association, Maiden Lane, Covent Garden. 4s. 6d.)

THERE are perhaps nearly as many people to-day who have made a hobby of archaeology as there used to be boys who collected butterflies. The infection is easy—a first talk with an imaginative student of Prehistory, or the finding of

an obvious arrow-head when hoeing the cabbages, has been known to be sufficient. Disappointment comes when it is discovered that this interesting hobby is a spacious department of science, and that it cannot be learned like croquet. Very often there is a serious desire to begin systematic study; but how, and where? The usual text-books are forbidding documents, and the nomenclature is coldly alien. For such beginners, or for those who do not intend to go further but would like to know the outlines of archaeology, this pocket-book is the very thing. It is the most concise little summary for amateur field-workers that we have seen. The mass of information Mr. Clarke has got easily into 120 pages, and the skill with which he has not only ordered it into an argument, but made it an inducement to further study, is a real accomplishment. There is a very useful glossary, and a selection of general works of use to the student to which little could be added.

**The Provinces of Ireland: Ulster, Connaught, Leinster, Munster.** Edited by GEORGE FLETCHER. (Cambridge University Press. 7s. 6d. each.)

THESE four volumes aim at giving an account of the physical features of the four Irish Provinces, and of the economic and social activities of the Irish people. Ireland is one of the most interesting countries of the world, and these books, though they are necessarily condensed in character and severely limited in their scope, provide a graphic picture of her life, institutions, and resources. The editor has secured the services of the chief experts on the different subjects treated in the four volumes. Thus the chapters on Ancient Geography are written by Professor Stewart Macalister, Professor of Celtic Archaeology at University College, Dublin; those on Topography by the Librarian of the National Library; those on Geology by Professor Cole, who is Director of the Geological Survey. The Keeper of Irish Antiquities in the National Museum writes on Antiquities and Architecture; and the general editor, who is an official of the Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction, on Administration and Industries. It is not easy to present a great deal of information in so short a space in a readable form, and the editor is to be congratulated on an eminently successful piece of work. The editor suggests in his preface that the books would be suitable for use in the higher forms of secondary schools. Certainly we cannot imagine a more agreeable way of receiving instruction in the Geography, Botany, Geology, Zoology, Antiquities, and Architecture of Ireland. The books are provided with good maps and excellent illustrations.

**Silhouettes of My Contemporaries.** By LYMAN ABBOTT. (Allen & Unwin. 12s. 6d.)

DR. ABBOTT is a veteran citizen of New York; for close upon fifty years an editor, though best known in England, perhaps, as the successor of Henry Ward Beecher at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn. In public affairs he is a very gentle progressive; in theology an outspoken liberal. He brings together in this book nineteen sketches of contemporaries, which supplement the old preacher's autobiography published a few years ago. Dr. Abbott is markedly kind and catholic. He writes as generously of P. T. Barnum (a very moral man) as of Lincoln or Roosevelt, while his religious sympathies include Phillips Brooks and Edward Everett Hale, D. L. Moody and General Booth. He is careful at intervals to explain that the portraits are merely silhouettes, which means that they are apt to be meagre. Dr. Abbott, for example, is an immense admirer of the old rhetorical forms. But he does not describe the oratory of John B. Gough, which he thought marvellous, or explain the interesting fact that, while Beecher's celebrated lectures were performances of memory, his sermons were usually improvised. As an editorial colleague on the New York "Outlook," Dr. Abbott is inevitably a thoroughgoing eulogist of Roosevelt, not even drawing up at the aggression of the Canal Zone, in which matter the Harding Administration has found it necessary to complete the compensation proposed by Mr. Wilson. We note that, in beginning his sketch of Booker Washington, Dr. Abbott quotes a characteristic sneer from a Southerner as though it were a compliment.



**Wild Justice.** By LLOYD OSBOURNE. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.)

ONE can hardly blame the younger co-author of "The Wrecker" for his share in one of the historic evidences that collaboration between two writers is a mistake, unless one man does all the work and is content to share the credit. What eager youth of the 'nineties but would have jumped at the chance of such a partnership if it had been offered him? Stevenson let his stepson bear a considerable hand in the writing of a second-rate story, which would probably have been less second-rate if no one else had been allowed to tinker with it. Seeing who he was, and how he approached his art, this was "awfully decent" of him. Surely one need say no more about it, save that no doubt the partnership was an excellent thing for the younger man, and that the elder meant it to be so. The pupil, moreover, was painstaking, and held on gamely. He would never have written well, but learned to write sometimes rather well, giving so many years of his young manhood to living the life of his beloved South Sea Islanders as at least to justify his claim to know that life from the inside. Hence the mixed dozen yarns, comical, tragical, and farcical, here assembled. Oddly enough, Mr. Osbourne leads off with the two worst of the bunch, or perhaps it is that the harshnesses and excrescences of his style (he does well not to try to write like R. L. S.) become less harassing as the real drama of the tales gets home upon one. But if you can put up with occasional vulgarities and more than occasional commonplaces, if you can subdue the inclination to shy at such strange flowers of transatlantic diction as blossom surprisingly on every page, you may find yourself succumbing to the real human interest of Mr. Osbourne's stories. There is humor, if something broad, in the interludes dealing with "Professor No-No's" biological researches on an out-of-the-way island and "A Son of Empire's" heroic leg-pull at the expense of another's entire population. That he can be impressively grim into the bargain Mr. Osbourne proves in "Captain Elijah Coe" and "Ben." He apologizes in his preface for harping so much on one string—the loves of white men and brown women. But why apologize, so long as these affairs continue to resolve themselves according to rule? "He" (white man) "may take regrets away with him; perhaps one of those inner wounds that never heal, while she" (brown damsel) "marries a native missionary and lives happily ever afterwards. Polynesians always live happily ever afterwards, no matter what happens."

## From the Publishers' Table.

YET another anthology of our poetry is to be produced this year. "English Verse, Old and New," edited by G. C. F. Mead and R. C. Clift, will bear the imprint of the Cambridge University Press. Its intention is to provide ready access to "poems of direct appeal." We cannot help connecting this phrase with Wordsworth's—

"And five times to the child I said:  
'Why, Edward, tell me, why?'"

THE 1921-1922 report of The National Trust for Places of Historic Interest or Natural Beauty is a record of admirable activity and public spirit. Perhaps the most generally interesting new property acquired is the meadow adjoining Stoke Poges Churchyard, and containing the monument to Gray. This favorite haunt was presented by Mr. W. A. Judd and the late Sir B. Oppenheimer.

MR. T. S. ELIOT has in preparation a quarterly, to be called "The Criterion." We understand that Mr. Cobden-Sanderson will publish the first issue in October.

THE students of Beechcroft Settlement, Birkenhead, produced last month "The Pageant of English Literature," mainly written by Mr. J. W. Parkes. The text has been published at Birkenhead (J. Woolman). Not only authors,

from Caedmon to William Morris, but also characters from Piers Plowman to the Vicar of Durnover have their cues. It is an ingenious and often amusing effusion.

MR. H. B. COTTERILL, one of the valiant race of translators of Homer, has for some years been preparing "A History of Art." The first volume, copiously illustrated, is announced for early publication by Messrs. Harrap; the second is in course of completion.

MESSRS. HARRAP announce also "Character Problems in Shakespeare's Plays," translated from the German of Levin L. Schucking, Professor at the University of Breslau.

THE long list of "Studio" publications is to be enriched this autumn by a volume dealing with David Cox. There will be a limited edition on handmade paper, besides the ordinary issue.

WE quote from the letter of a Heidelberg correspondent:—

"I have read with great interest your notice concerning the 'Diotima Letters' in THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM of July 22nd, and feel most grateful for it. Permit me to observe that your statement implying that the book issued by me, the poet's grand-niece, had only appeared *now* is erroneous, as the 'Luxusausgabe' has been published already in January, 1921, the first general edition in April, 1921, a second edition in October, 1921, and the third in April, 1922.

FRIDA ARNOLD."

THE 70th annual report of the Public Library of the City of Boston is published. The balance sheet contains the item, "Extermination of insects. \$2.00." There is a cheerful look about this quotation: "Empty shelves are still often to be seen in many of the branch libraries and reading rooms, especially in the rooms or sections devoted to the use of children. Several hundred new books placed on the shelves to-day are all gone to-morrow, while a line of children ask when there will be more new books, or when some of the old ones will be returned so that they may have their chance with a good story, or a good book of travel, biography, or science."

A SMALL book-catalogue from Mr. Macphail, 6, Melbourne Place, Edinburgh, records Allan Cunningham's family Bible. A much larger one from M. Champion, Paris, offers at 1,000 francs "De anima commentarius," by Philip Melancthon, 1540, the margins of which, it is stated, are crowded with notes, chiefly in the hand of Rabelais.

## Art.

### USE AND BEAUTY.

IN a recent newspaper article a distinguished architect spoke of "the familiar fallacy that beauty is efficiency." It all depends upon what you mean by efficiency. If you mean only mechanical efficiency, of course it is a fallacy; but does anybody—can anybody, at this time of day—mean that? Surely, what is meant is efficiency for all the purposes involved. Nobody, for example, would call a business man efficient who disregarded the feelings of his clients, or a machine efficient which injured the people who used it. Our objection to a great deal of existing machinery is precisely that it does this; and practical efforts are constantly being made to remove the deficiency—not only as regards crude bodily injury, as in the case of the rock-drill, but the moral injuries which are summed up under "industrial fatigue." The writer went on to say: "Architecture, if it is to be good, must be efficient for its purpose, but efficiency for its purpose in architecture has a wider range than it has in engineering or in simple building." So far so good; "wider range" is just, though one would like to know exactly when "simple building" becomes "architecture." But then the writer added: "because in architecture the appeal to the æsthetic

sense has to be taken into account, and if that appeal fails the architecture fails with it." So, in some degree, does everything else fail; because the æsthetic sense is present and potent in everything. Prussianism was inefficient, and failed, because it disregarded the sensibilities of human nature.

What it amounts to is that the architect was right about architecture, but wrong about everything else. The "æsthetic sense" is not something which we put on, like spectacles, when we look at architecture, and take off when we sit down to dinner. Like the poor it is always with us, and often most active when least convenient. So is the "appeal" to the æsthetic sense; and the only question is whether or not the appeal shall be properly organized. In architecture, as in the other arts, it is; and that, no doubt, is why architects, like other artists, are apt to speak and write as if the appeal itself were peculiar to their work. They mistake the organization for the thing organized. In reality we can no more escape from appeals, agreeable or disagreeable, to our æsthetic sense from everything about us than we can run away from our noses.

In theory it might be possible to distinguish architecture from building, but in practice they are inseparable. The reason is not so much a virtue as a fatality of the human mind. Try as we will, we cannot separate our material from our spiritual needs; and the Divine saying, "Man shall not live by bread alone," is equally true of the cupboard in which the bread is kept. What the author of "The Young Visitors" would call "mere" building might be a very desirable thing if it were possible, but it is not. For better or worse, the æsthetic appeal is always present, and the meanest building has an architectural character, though it may be a very bad one. Nor is it always a question of beauty or ugliness, as the words are commonly understood. Old Bill's "better 'ole" must not only give better protection, but look like giving it; and the look of security is security to a much greater extent than a purely rational being—if he existed—might suppose.

If we say that architecture is building in view of all the circumstances, moral and material, we shall be near enough to the truth for practical purposes; because it implies the organization of the æsthetic appeal and leaves unquestioned the "wider range" of architecture as compared with simple building. The difference between them is neither here nor there. The simplest building is capable of architectural treatment, that is to say, organization of its æsthetic appeal; but, in view of its purpose, that side of the matter may be relatively unimportant. Efficiency has a narrower range in a cowshed than in a cathedral, because the needs involved are narrower. Though, even here, the needs are something more than material. Grant—it is a mere assumption—that cows are insensible to proportion; the people who milk them are certainly not, though they may be quite unaware of their sensibility; and, in the long run, a well-proportioned cowshed—to the eye, I mean—is more efficient. As the purpose of the building rises in the moral scale it is more and more necessary to call in the "qualified" architect in the sense of the man who has paid particular attention to the æsthetic side of building. There is no rule in this but the same rule of common sense which applies in medicine. Chilblains are just as much a medical question as measles, and a corn is as strictly surgical as a cataract; but the greatest stickler for the rule that the doctor should not dispense nor the chemist prescribe or operate would allow reasonable latitude in the interpretation of the rule in practice—with the reservation that in so far as the minor ailment depends upon general health the doctor should be consulted.

In all such discussions as that about "use and beauty," or "beauty and efficiency," we are apt to reckon without our host. The simple truth is that neither practical nor æsthetic questions can be decided without reference to human nature—which refuses to separate them in its reactions. We are only just beginning to discover how "practical" the æsthetic problem really is. Not to mention such special observations as the effect of color on health, the investigations of psycho-

logists in the factory and the workshop have demonstrated the close dependence of efficiency, in the most utilitarian sense of the word, upon conditions and surroundings. We are, in fact, only just beginning to recognize the profound truth of Francis Thompson's "Thou canst not stir a flower Without troubling of a star." Analytical methods are useful in the laboratory, physical or psychological, but "Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder" has very wide bearings in life. In practice we cannot "isolate" and cultivate any factor in the chain of consequences without coming to grief; and it is amusing to note how many of our activities at the moment are devoted to putting together laboriously what our immediate forefathers light-heartedly divided. Thus, observing that disease was caused by certain micro-organisms, they proceeded to "sack the lot"; now we learn that some of them are beneficial, if not necessary. Observing that the nourishing elements in food could be isolated, they preached concentration upon them; now we discover the vitamins. Nor does our "new synthesis" end with the constituents of food. "Niceness" in food is not nourishment, but the belief prevails that food is more nourishing if it tastes "nice," and only a very unpractical person would question the part played in nourishment by the look of the table. In a dozen directions we are learning, often by painful experience, that efficiency cannot be separated from its æsthetic overtones without a loss in efficiency to that extent. Nor, on the other hand, can the æsthetic overtones be considered apart from efficiency without serious danger to themselves; as we see from what has happened in the arts of painting and sculpture. The reason why architecture has, on the whole, escaped the same fate is that it is more obviously—rather than more closely—bound up with utility. If anything were needed to clinch the connection, it would be that, when the utility is partial, or prejudicial, the architecture looks bad in proportion as it is well adapted to the purpose; and we can only make our big shops look tolerable by pretending that they are temples.

CHARLES MARRIOTT.

## Nature Study.

### A LITTORAL CITY.

THE correlations of animate with inanimate nature are so intricate that the least oscillation of the latter from the normal will often make a wilderness of a city or a city of a wilderness. Early this year, the sea scored a march against its human foe on the tidal flats and shingle beaches of the East coast between Brancaster and Sheringham where the cliffs begin, and in an impetuous expense of its artillery hammered through a furlong of concrete wall. On one side of the turf bank running between road and beach the land became a shallow broad, scrawled over with multiform islands like the hieroglyphs on the yellowhammer's egg, and on the other, water and vegetation came to a deadlock and camped their indiscriminate forces over the ground. Into this tangle of alleys, squares, and streets, where the sedges, reeds, and water plants made the houses, and the water the open spaces, poured a multitude of birds and founded a city-state in Grecian fashion, but that it was quilted of many nations. Long, crescentic lines of black-headed gulls, burnished by the sun, girdled the seaward frontier of the city, like Crusaders after the taking of Jerusalem, and when they rose and drifted out to sea in silver clouds, the city's glittering battlements seemed to have crumbled like Atlantis's that were. A cluster of immature greater black-headed gulls, the van of the hosts which migrate along the coast in the autumn as very symbols of the darkening days, broke in from the North, and in at another gate a troop of sanderling dived in a cascade of white breasts, followed by a single knot who twisted down in the angles of lightning. A throng of cosmopolite citizens ambled the streets and squares in their several national costumes—black and grey coots in



their white shields, like the heraldic device of some order, a gallant one, judging by the number of duels; green-capped and rufous-belted sheld-duck in white cloaks slashed with black; stockish and massive-billed shovellers in green, white, chestnut and blue, with yellow spectacles, like aldermen in a free-colored Morris State; a full-plumaged scaup drake and his white-faced mate (the rarest hyperborean visitors in June), like pochard with black torso for red, or tufted duck at a distance without the crest; mincing waterhens; lapwings, tourists to Venice from inland plains; herons, lank, primitive, and spectral, like shadows of their ancestors; swans like the figureheads, and hovering terns, the guardian angels of the city; linnets airy as their notes; bustling and hallooing redshank; a tall greenshank like a redshank grown up and lost its mercurial spirits; dunlin with the black breast-band of the nuptial season; little stint like its pigmy form, and the urchins of the sandpiper community and canty ringed plover. And as initial verses to this anthology sounded the skirl of the sedge-warbler, the wheeze of the reed-bunting, and the sweeter reed-music of the reed-warbler all along the rushes fringing the turf-bank.

The only unity governing the diversity was one of place, but the nurseries on the other side of the bank had an internal cohesion of common purpose. Two small islands almost flat with the water and shagged with tussocks of marram, other wiry grasses, and coarse turf, and patched with dry mud, held about eight hundred nests of Sandwich and common terns, black-headed gulls, ringed plover, and redshank. They were mingled helter-skelter, lined or unlined, slovenly or compact, many so close together as to be semi-detached (the nine Sandwich terns' nests were within an orbit of three yards), and with eggs so variously shaded and mottled as to make classification of size rather than pattern, coloration, or even shape the clue to identity of species. The terns' eggs and nests ran riot in idiosyncrasy, but those of the gulls were hardly less variable, spotted, zoned, and splashed with greys, blacks and browns of every tone, on a ground of olive, green, buff, dark brown or blue. Gulls are of a plover-like ancestry, and the black-head, diverging first to a sea-habit, then a land-habit, and here breeding almost within the spray of high-tide, was with his fancy-roaming eggs and nests consistent in plasticity. One of them was a monument, a palace, a foot high, built on the highest point of the island and broad based on a straddling foundation of interlacing sticks, thinning to the grassy apex of the pyramid on which reposed, like a single blossom topping a bush, or one lasting poem out of a lifetime of verses, a solitary egg. This pair alone among their brethren, some with mere twists of grass, had the synoptic view of life; they saw it whole in one sweep from the experience of memory to the prevision of inference; what tides have done before, spoke the tight logic of stick upon stick, tides may do again. Only the lovely treasure of the redshank,\* with its background of yellow or grey or both (lighter than the lapwing's), and its rich daubs of purples and browns, is concealed in the heart of the tussock, where long grasses play their shadows over it, the fingers of the wind's caress.

Past the sheld-duck on the water, gowned so comely and so bizarre both, with her ducklings in their white down banded twice with Vandyke lines, and over on the mainland, the shelf between inland and outer sea, was an oyster-catcher's nest with the rare number of four eggs (streaked and printed grey-brown on a yellowish-grey ground color), walled with pebbles in a shingle depression. One was double-yolked and twice the size of the others, an oddity to make itch the thievish hand of the collector. Once an egg of this same pair rolled out of its hollow nearer the water, and they swung round and round the watcher's head, wailfully *kleep-kleeping*, until he went to the nest and restored the egg. As I walked over the island the gulls hung screaming low over my head, a roof woven of white wings with the azure one of the world streaming through it. Here were

three skies, and I marooned on a cloud in the lowest; but only the middle one lived with me, and that was all life, broken not only into a mosaic of moving lights but into full a thousand entities of brain and heart and nerve, and among them how many originals like that pair of gulls and oyster-catchers? The city was on one side of the bank, its corporate life on the other, for eggs and nests were safe in fancy-freedom by a common purpose of watch and ward which kept the peace within the ranks of the divers peoples (the gulls, as I was assured and could see for myself, did not touch the terns', redshanks' or plovers' eggs), and every enemy except man and the elements without.

If there is no more individual shore-bird than the redshank, there is none so personable as the ringed plover. In social flight, when the flock becomes an individual and the birds its several organic parts like the words of a lyric, they resemble sanderling, little stint and dunlin; they nest among the terns and gulls, as their fellow-waders (except the redshank) never do, and their charming little pear-shaped eggs, three and sometimes four, are similar, but for shape and position with their narrower ends together in the middle of the nest, to the little terns'. They are not quite so variable in their markings, but I found one nest of four eggs with one pair pigmented to type and the other, cream-colored, without markings of any kind. The sides of the cupped nest are usually embossed with pebbles and broken shells, but I have seen a few nests among the gulls wound with grass bents. They are true to the volatile expression of their homes, impinged upon by the restless sea, suffused and rarefied by the elements, and they twinkle over their native shore with a run which seems another phase of flight, but always more waywardly than other small shore-birds, while their plumper and squatter build gives them an inexplicable pathos. Thus they maintain a fellowship of habit with their various associates and yet preserve an essence, unique and particular, of their own.

There is an infallible method of finding out whether ringed plover have eggs or young. If the former, they content themselves with flying in circles round the intruder, with their soft plaints—*peep, peep*, and *toolee*, *toolee*, the dissyllable being the nuptial call modulated into a quavering trill, when the male weaves his flight-mazes or slides along the ground with humped back and dragging wing. But if the latter, then the female becomes a Lyceum tragic actress in the convulsions of death. Actually, she mimics the throes, creeping along in painful spasms with one wing flapping in the air, the other lolling as though broken, and then, with head half buried in the shingle, rolls over from side to side and, with a last shudder, agonizes into a lifeless, tumbled heap. I am a stoat; my craving for blood is whetted and I bare my teeth as I pad after her. A last paroxysm of life spurts up in her and carries her writhing and floundering another twenty yards. A bestial possession foams the blood through my arteries, and I go bounding after her, my snout dilated at the anticipated scent of her blood—and there she is flashing her silver wings over my head with a hey-nonny-toolee, and "Keep you low, my child, till I entice him this way and that way, far out of yours." The crouching infant, three or four hours old in down of fawn and grey, rucks its nape feathers over the telling black collar and shams stone, but stones do not pulsate, nor, when picked up, wave stumps of wings and set off on long shanks to tumble head over ears over a rather bigger member of their order. The nest a few yards off has still one egg but no broken shells, which are carried off the nesting ground to give the younglings, one supposes, room and warmth under the parent's breast at night.

The little "dotterels," as they are called locally, are, further, much more circumspect in going on to their eggs than the terns, who come home down the chimney, so to speak. The female returns in a series of runs and pauses, retreats, approaches, goes off at a tangent, sidles nearer, swerves away again, and finally makes a dash for it and settles deeply in with a sigh rippling all over her body.

The eye leaves her, jumps over the waving beds of sea-campion, threads its way among the hulks of the seals basking on the sandspit, and launches out to sea, swing-

\* All of which I was offered for a gift, so hated among the gunners is the bird which alone of its family makes the interests of others its own, and with its clamor rouses the whole of the population in its neighborhood, each and every tribe, against their common foe.



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ing over the pale bar of the horizon into the immensity of space. The loneliness of the human mind is behind it, and it travels further than any winged citizen of this busy township, contented in the fulfilment of its single and commingled lives. And in space that mind is at home, building it with cities of its own workmanship, where all our quest is ended, our frustrations undone, and as these birds know a matchless freedom of body here, so we there an equal freedom of the mind.

H. J. M.

## The Week's Books.

Asterisks are used to indicate those books which are considered to be most interesting to the general reader. Publishers named in parentheses are the London firms from whom books published in the country or abroad may be obtained.

### PHILOSOPHY.

- Schwab (Andreas). *Gespräche der Geistes über die Menschheit. Erste Folge.* Leipzig, K. F. Koehler, Täubchenweg, 2l.  
Vaswani (Prof. T. L.). *Desert Voices.* Madras, Ganesh & Co., 1rup.

### RELIGION.

- Barry (F. R.). *One Clear Call: an Appeal to the Church of England.* Cambridge, Heffer, 9d.  
Lazarus (Olga) and Stonestreet (Edyth), eds. *Jewish Thoughts for Every Day.* Amersham, Bucks, Morland, 4/-.

### SOCIOLOGY, ECONOMICS, POLITICS.

- Abrahamson (H. S.). *Housing: Facts and Considerations for Liberals and Others.* Waterlow & Sons, 49, Parliament St., S.W. 1.  
\*Lupton (Arnold). *Happy India, as it might be if guided by Modern Science.* Allen & Unwin, 8/-.  
Mitchell (A. A.). *The Breakdown of Minimum Wage.* Glasgow, MacLehose, 6d.  
\*Rueff (Jacques). *Des Sciences Physiques aux Sciences Morales (Les Questions du Temps Présent).* Paris, Alcan, 8fr.  
Shotwell (James T.). *Intelligence and Politics.* New York, Century Co.

### PHILOLOGY.

- California University. *The Charles Mills Gayley Anniversary Papers, 1889-1919.* Berkeley, Cal., Univ. of California Press, \$3.  
Flom (George T.). *The Language of the Konungs Skuggsjá (Speculum Regale): Part I. The Noun Stems and the Adjectives.* Urbana, Univ. of Illinois Press, \$1.50.  
\*Funk & Wagnalls *Practical Standard Dictionary.* Edited by Frank H. Vizetelly and others. 2,500 ll. Funk & Wagnalls, 134, Salisbury Square, E.C. 4, 27/6.  
School of Oriental Studies. *Bulletin.* Vol. II., Part 3. The School, Finsbury Circus, E.C. 2, 6/-.

### NATURAL SCIENCE.

- \*Heath (Sir Thomas). *A History of Greek Mathematics.* Vol. I. From Thales to Euclid. Vol. II. From Aristarchus to Diophantus. Oxford, Clarendon Press, 50/-.  
Indian Museum. *Records.* Vol. XXIII. *Anthropological Observations on the Anglo-Indians of Calcutta: Part I. Analysis of Male Stature.* By P. C. Mahalanobis. Calcutta, the Museum.  
\*Singer (Charles). *Greek Biology and Greek Medicine (Chapters in the History of Science.* No. 1). Oxford, Clarendon Press, 2/6.  
Verrill (A. Hyatt). *Radio for Amateurs: How to Use, Make, and Install Wireless Telephone Instruments.* Heinemann, 7/6.

### FINE ARTS.

- \*Abercrombie (Lancelotti). *An Essay towards a Theory of Art.* Secker, 5/-.  
\*Blacker (J. F.). *The A. B. C. of Indian Art.* II. Stanley Paul, 15/-.

### MUSIC.

- Futility (The) of "Criticism." *A Selection of Strong "Opinions" on the Works of Joseph Holbrooke.* Goodwin & Tabb, 1/-.  
Kidson (Frank). *The Beggar's Opera: its Predecessors and Successors.* II. Cambridge Univ. Press, 5/-.

### LITERATURE.

- Benchley (Robert C.). *Of All Things.* Introd. by Stephen Leacock. II. Lane, 6/-.  
Calcutta University. *Journal of the Department of Letters.* Vol. VIII. Calcutta Univ. Press.  
\*Ragz (Canon Lonsdale). *Dante Alighieri, Apostle of Freedom: War-Time and Peace-Time Essays.* Stockwell, 6/-.

### POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

- Anderson (Margaret). *Poems of Sussex.* Stockwell, 1/6.  
Braithwaite (William C.). *Verses.* Swarthmore Press, 5/-.  
\*Gollancz (Sir Israel), ed. *St. Erkenwald* (Bishop of London 875-93): an Alliterative Poem, written about 1386. Milford, 5/-.  
\*Howard (Kebble). "Sweet William": a Comedy in Four Acts. Duckworth, 3/- paper, 3/6 cl.  
Jones (Thomas S.), Jun. *Sonnets of the Cross.* Society of SS. Peter and Paul, 1/-.  
Keane (D. M.). *Picture Poems, and Others.* Stockwell, 1/-.  
MacInnes (Malcolm). *The Massacre of Glencoe: rendered in Dramatic Form.* Paisley, Gardner, 4/-.  
Margie (William). *Moses: a Cosmic Drama in Three Acts.* Stockwell, 5/-.  
Parkinson (Robert J. M.). *Poems.* Stockwell, 5/-.  
Swain (Howard). *Mother Mine; and other Poems.* Stockwell, 1/-.  
Vaganny (Hugues), ed. *Lodge and Desportes.* Macon, Protat Frères.

### FICTION.

- \*Canfield (Dorothy). *The Bent Twig.* Constable, 7/6.  
\*Chateaubriand. *The Last Abencerage.* Tr. by Edith M. Nuttall. Stockwell, 2/6.  
\*Crawford (Jack). *I Walked in Arden.* Heinemann, 7/6.  
Hamilton (Cosmo). *The Rustle of Silk.* Hurst & Blackett, 7/6.  
\*Hergesheimer (Joseph). *The Lay Anthony: a Romance.* Heinemann, 7/6.  
Houston (Margaret Bell). *The Witch Man.* Hutchinson, 7/6.  
\*Kinsaid (C. A.). *Tales of Old Sind.* II. Milford, 12/6.

- Mora-Nisbett (Mrs. H.). *A Canteen Countess.* Stockwell, 3/6.  
Russell (A. J.). *God's Prodigal.* Werner Laurie, 7/6.  
Samuel (Maurice). *The Outsider: a Story of Modern Paris.* Constable, 7/6.  
Savidge (Evan Pedro). *The Flying Submarine.* Stockwell, 4/-.  
Trebied Price. By Y. With Foreword by Dr. Mary Scharlieb. Bale, 4/6.

### BIOGRAPHY.

- \*Allison (William). *Memories of Men and Horses.* 2l pl. Grant Richards, 21/-.  
\*Brereton (Austin). "H. B." and Laurence Irving. II. Grant Richards, 12/6.  
Goodspeed (Thomas Wakenfield). *The University of Chicago Biographical Sketches.* Vol. I. Pors. Chicago, the University, \$3.  
Law (Ernest). *Shakespeare's Garden, Stratford-upon-Avon.* II. Selwyn & Blount, 3/6.  
\*Noailles (Marquis de). *Le Comte Molé, 1781-1855: sa Vie—ses Mémoires.* Vol. I. Pors. Paris, Champlon.

### HISTORY.

- \*Farrer (J. A.). *England under Edward VII.* Allen & Unwin, 10/6.  
Helps for Students of History. 47. *A Student's Guide to the Manuscripts relating to English History in the Seventeenth Century in the Bodleian Library.* 1/-—48. *History and Ethnology.* By W. H. R. Rivers. 6d.—49. *Some Aspects of Boundary Settlement at the Peace Conference.* By Alan G. Oglvie. 6d. S.F.C.K.  
Mackay (David N.). *Clan Warfare in the Scottish Highlands.* Paisley, Gardner, 7/6.  
\*Navy Records Society. Vol. LV. *Letters of Admiral of the Fleet the Earl of St. Vincent.* 1801-4. Vol. I. Ed. by David B. Smith.—Vol. LVI. *The Life and Works of Sir Henry Mainwaring.* Vol. II. Ed. by G. E. Manwaring and W. G. Perrin. Navy Records Society.  
\*Oschell (Wilhelm). *History of Switzerland, 1499-1914.* Tr. by Eden and Cedar Paul (Cambridge Historical Series). Cambridge Univ. Press, 20/-.  
Petrie (W. M. Flinders). *The Status of the Jews in Egypt* (Arthur Davis Memorial Lecture). Allen & Unwin, 1/- paper, 2/- cl.  
Reynaud (L.). *L'Influence Allemande en France au XVIIIe et au XIXe Siècle* (Collection de Critique et d'Histoire). Paris, Hachette, 12fr.  
Ryland (John W.). *Records of Rowington.* Vol. II. II. Rowington, Warwick, the Author.  
\*Tait (James). *The Study of Early Municipal History in England.* British Academy (Milford), 1/6.

### WAR.

- Demartial (G.). *La Guerre de 1914: Comment on mobilisa les Consciences.* Paris, Rieder et Cie, 7, Place Saint-Sulpice, 7fr. 50.  
\*Gwatkin-Williams (Capt. R. S.). *Under the Black Ensign.* II. Hutchinson, 15/-.  
Karo (Georg). *The Responsibility of the Entente for the War, on the Showing of their own Statesmen.* Halle (Saale), Niemeyer (The Secretary, 9, Carlton House Terrace, S.W. 1).  
\*Pailogue (Maurice). *La Russie des Tsars pendant la Grande Guerre, 1915-16.* II. Paris, Plon-Nourrit, 15fr.

### REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

- Adair (Cecil). *Maid of the Moonflower.*—Francesca. Stanley Paul, 2/- each.  
\*Butler (Samuel). *Erewhon.* Page & Co., 11, Gower St., W.C. 1, 2/6.  
Chambers's Concise Geography of the World. II. Chambers, 2/6.  
Collins's Half-Crown Novels. *The Death of Society.* By Romer Wilson.—*The Red Knight.* By F. Brett Young.—*The Substitute Millionaire.* By Hubert Footner. Collins, 2/6 each.  
De Brath (Stanley). *Psychic Philosophy as the Foundation of a Religion of Natural Law.* 3rd Ed. Huddersfield, Spiritualists' National Union, 25, Thornton Lodge Rd., 5/6.  
Doyle (Sir A. Conan). *The Sign of Four.*—*Sir Nigel.*—*Tales of Pirates and Blue Water.*—*Tales of the Ring and Camp.*—*Tales of Terror and Mystery.* Murray, 2/- each.  
Faith Unfaithful. By the Author of "Jenny Essenden." 4th Ed. Melrose, 3/6.  
\*Gay (John). *Trivia; or, the Art of Walking the Streets of London.* Introd. by W. H. Williams. II. O'Connor, 42/-.  
Gould (Nat.). *A Fortune at Stake.* 2/-—*A Bad Start.* 2/-—*Racing Rivals.* 1/- Long.  
James (Henry). *Lady Barbarina: The Siege of London; An International Episode; and other Tales.*—*The Reverberator: Mademoiselle de Mauves; A Passionate Pilgrim; and other Tales.* Macmillan, 7/6 each.  
Johnstone (E. M.). *From a Common-Room Window, by "Orbilius."* Oswestry, T. Owen & Son (Simpkin & Marshall), 2/6.  
Marriman (H. Seton). *Roden's Corner.*—*The Velvet Glove.* Murray, 2/- each.  
Milnes (Alfred). *What About Vaccination? A Story of To-day.* Anti-Vaccination League, 25, Denison House, 296, Vauxhall Bridge Rd., S.W. 1, 1/-.  
Thomas (Gilbert). *Things Big and Little: Essays and Sketches.* Chapman & Hall, 3/6.  
\*Zimmern (Alfred E.). *The Greek Commonwealth: Politics and Economics in Fifth-Century Athens.* 3rd Ed., Revised. Oxford, Clarendon Press, 16/-.

### JUVENILE.

- Bashford (H. M.). *Half-Past Bedtime.* II. Harrap, 5/-.  
Blyon (Enid). *Child Whispers.* Saville, 22, Great Russell St., W.C. 1, 2/6.  
\*Colum (Padraic). *The Children of Odin.* II. by Willy Fogarty. Harrap, 5/-.  
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Fifty New Poems for Children: an Anthology. Blackwell, 2/6.  
Parsons (J. Ernest). *The Mouse that Stopped the Train; and other Stories.* Allenson, 3/6.  
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Smyth (Netta). *The Fairy Doll; and other Plays for Children.* Lane, 3/6.  
Turley (Charles). *Godfrey Marten, Schoolboy.* II. Heinemann, 6/-.  
Wilson (Marjorie). *Klipper-Kloppe; and other Verses for Children.* Harrap, 2/6.

THE Sociological Society will hold a week-end Conference on "The Correlation of the Social Sciences," at New College, Oxford, from October 7th to 9th. The speakers will include Dr. A. J. Carlyle, Prof. L. T. Hobhouse, Mr. Julian Huxley, Sir Halford Mackinder, Dr. R. R. Marett, Mr. S. F. Marvin, Prof. J. E. G. de Montmorency and Prof. C. E. Spearman. Inquiries should be addressed to Miss D. C. Loch, Sociological Society, 65, Belgrave Road, S.W. 1.

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